

Miss D. B. Roll

WOODBURY'S
YOUTH'S SONG BOOK;

ARRANGED AND ADAPTED FROM THE BEST SOURCES,
FOR
SCHOOLS, CLASSES, AND THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

By I. B. WOODBURY,
AUTHOR OF THE "CHORAL," "NEW-ENGLAND GLEE BOOK," AND VARIOUS OTHER WORKS.

NEW YORK:
HUNTINGTON & SAVAGE, 216 PEARL STREET.
H. W. DERBY & Co., CINCINNATI; H. CRITTENDEN, ST. LOUIS.
1850.


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Miss Jane S. Roll

My

Dear

John



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CONTENTS.



A farmer's life's the life for me.....	34	My native land.....	83	The old clock on the stairs.....	18
Awake, arise	94	Merrily every bosom boundeth.....	85	The coming winter.....	21
Boat Song.....	19	My mother dear.....	96	The merry sleigh ride.....	24
Buttercups and daisies.....	17	Oh! watch you well by daylight.....	11	The summer days are coming.....	26
Bring me forth.....	99	O come to the picnic grove.....	23	The Robin	27
Cold winds sweep the mountain's height	33	Oh! it is not while riches.....	28	The wild swan.....	32
Come into the autumn fields.....	51	O swift we go.....	30	The rose that hails the morning.....	35
Come home—Thanksgiving.....	34	Oh! the sunny summer time.....	31	The old oaken bucket.....	38
Come, come, come.....	37	Oh! the sunny summer time.....	45	The Dying Girl.....	43
Come, tell me youthful maidens.....	92	Oh come! for the lily.....	52	Try again	44
Come to the mountain.....	95	Oh! come, come away.....	62	The good old plough.....	54
Devotion in youth.....	105	Over the mountain wave.....	66	There's no home like my own.....	64
Death of a pupil.....	109	O'er the waters gliding.....	72	'Tis the last rose of summer.....	69
Elements of vocal music.....	3	Oh! then I was a happy child.....	81	The stars are fading.....	75
Farewell, Mother.....	39	Oh! spare that dove.....	100	The Violet.....	77
Farewell Song.....	65	Oh! come ye into the summer woods.....	104	The hungry fox.....	78
Fair science bright.....	89	Planting of the acorns.....	12	The meeting of the spirits.....	79
Gentle river, gentle river.....	13	Summer days.....	16	The fireman's song.....	80
Gentle words.....	20	Song for changing weather.....	37	The milk-white blossoms.....	88
Gipsy's chant.....	56	Song of nature.....	42	The good shepherd.....	97
Good night.....	90	Stumber on.....	46	The Angel's whisper.....	93
Hours there were to memory dearer.....	39	South wind softly blowing.....	48	The black clouds roll asunder.....	106
Harvest time.....	47	Sturdy low.....	49	The Bay of Biscay.....	107
Hail! all hail.....	70	Summer carol.....	55	'Tis not the valley.....	108
Hymn for the morning.....	101	Song of the seasons.....	67	What fairy like music.....	29
I am the boy of the mountain.....	14	Sweet spring is returning.....	68	When the yellow moonbeams quiver.....	40
It is the merry month of May.....	76	Summer is breathing.....	71	When night comes o'er the plain.....	41
Invitation to singing school.....	91	Song o'er a child.....	74	Westward ho.....	50
Jeptha's daughter.....	53	Sparkling and bright.....	82	Wrecker's daughter quick step.....	58
List ye to the bells.....	22	Song of the world.....	102	Why, ah! why my heart this sadness.....	61
Land of my birth.....	63	Seek the Lord in youth.....	103	Within this shady valley.....	73
Morning Song.....	36	The landscape.....	15	Will you come to the spring.....	86

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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON 1.

QUESTION 1. Into how many distinctions do we divide the elements of vocal music? ANSWER. Four. 2. Name them? *Long* and *Short* sounds form the first distinction; *high* and *low*, the second, *loud* and *soft*, the third; and two or more sounds heard together form the fourth. 3. Will you name these perpendicular lines, and the spaces between them?  measure.  measure.

4. How many varieties of measure have we, and what are they called? Four; Double, Triple, Quadruple, and Sextuple. 5. What figure designates *double* measure, and into how many parts is it divided? The figure 2; which also denotes the number of parts. 6. What figure, and how many parts has *triple* measure? 3. Three. Quadruple? 4. Four. Sextuple? 6. Six.

NOTE. In this and in all succeeding lessons, let the pupil turn to different pieces of music, and name the characters as he learns them in the text-book, and when possible put them individually in practical use; by these means, the pupil will become thoroughly versed in the elements, and will acquire them in such a manner, that they will not be easily forgotten.

LESSON 2.






QUESTION 1. What is "beating time?" ANS. A regular motion of the hand. 2. What is its use? To govern the singer in the relative time of the notes in a piece of music. 3. How many beats have we in double measure? Two; thus | down, up. | down, up. |

Triple? Three; thus | down, left, up. | Quadruple? Four, thus, | down, left, right, up | Sextuple? Six, thus, | down, down, left, right, up, up, | or in rapid performance, two, thus { down, up. { | | | | | |



4. What distinguishes the different varieties of measure? Figures. 5. What is accent? A stress of the voice on certain parts of the measure. 6. Which beat is accented in double measure? The *down* beat. Which unaccented? The *up* beat. Triple? The *down* beat. Which unaccented? The *left* and *up* beats. Quadruple? The down and right beats. Which unaccented? The left and up beats. Sextuple? The first and fourth beats. Which unaccented? The second, third, fifth and sixth beats.

LESSON 3.

QUESTION 1. What is the general term applied to those characters used to represent the length of sounds? ANSWER, Notes.



2. Name each note. Whole note, thus, , equal to two halves, thus, , or four quarters, thus,  eight eighths, thus,  sixteen sixteenths, thus, 




&c. 3. How many half notes in a whole? How many quarters? Eighths? Sixteenths? &c. 4. What effect have dots placed after notes? They add one half to their length, a dotted whole

being equal to three halves, thus, . Dotted half equal to three quarters, thus,  &c.

ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

LESSON 4.

1. What effect has a "pause" or "hold," when placed over a note? To lengthen it indefinitely, at the pleasure of the performer. 2. How many figures are placed at the commencement of every piece of music? Two. 3. What does the upper figure invariably denote? The kind of time. 4. What does the lower figure represent? The kind of notes. 5. What kind of notes does the figure 2 represent? Half notes. The figure 4? Quarter notes. The figure 8? Eighth notes. 6. What are marks of silence called? Rests. 7. On which side of the line is the *whole* rest made? The lower, thus,  The half rest? The upper, thus,  Which way

does the quarter rest turn? To the right, thus,  The eighth? To the left, thus,  The sixteenth? Two to the left, thus, 

What is the tie? It shows that the sound should be continued across the Bar.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

1. What are the distinctions in vocal music? 2. A word of how many syllables will represent double measure, allowing one syllable to each part? Triple? Quadruple? Sextuple? 3. Which syllable should be accented in order to agree with the accent in music in *double measure*? Triple? Quadruple? Sextuple? 4. Will you state the relative length of the notes? Of the rests?

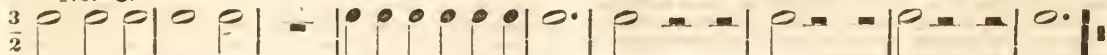
EXERCISES.

Sing the syllable La to each note.

No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.









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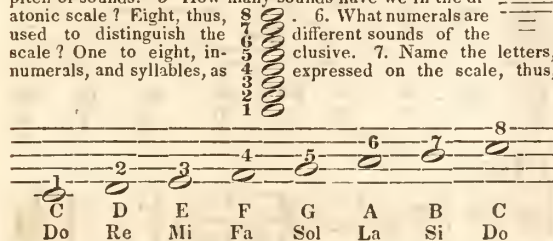


QUESTIONS.

1. What one note to a beat in the first exercise? 2. What rest and when does the accent occur? 3. What is the use of the tie and hold? 4. What one note to a beat in the second exercise? 5. What rests are used, and when does the accent occur? 6. What four notes to a beat in the 3d exercise, &c. 7. What one note to a beat in the 4th exercise, and how much does the dot add to the value of a note.






LESSON 5.

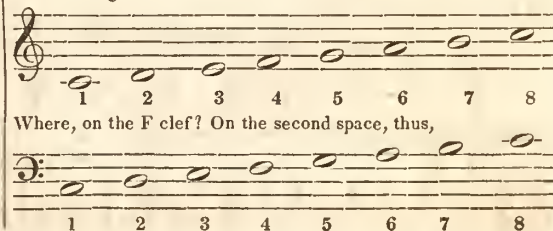
QUESTION 1. What character represents high and low sounds? ANSWER, Five lines with their spaces, thus,  which are termed a staff, each line or space being called  a degree. 2. How many degrees have we with the staff?  Nine. 3. If more are necessary, how do we procure them? By adding lines above and below to any extent of compass required, thus,  4. What then is the use of the staff? it represents the  pitch of sounds. 5. How many sounds have we in the diatonic scale? Eight, thus,  6. What numerals are used to distinguish the different sounds of the scale? One to eight, inclusive. 7. Name the letters, numerals, and syllables, as expressed on the scale, thus,



3. Where is one written on the staff? On the first line below. 9. Where is two written? Three? Four? &c. 10. What is the space or distance from one to two? A major second? 11. What from two to three? A major second. 12. From three to four? A minor second. 13. From four to five? A major second. 14. From five to six? A major second. 15. From six to seven? A major second. 16. From seven to eight? A minor second. 17. What do you understand by a minor second? One half of the distance of the major. 18. How many major seconds have we in the diatonic scale? Five. 19. How many minor? Two. 20. Between which sounds do the minor seconds occur? Between three and four; seven and eight; all the rest being major seconds.

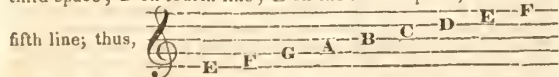
LESSON 6.

QUESTION 1. What characters determine the pitch of sounds on the staff? ANSWER, Clefs. 2. How many clefs have we? Two, thus,  is the G clef, and thus,  is the F clef. 3. How is  the scale written on  the G clef? It commences on the first added  line below thus

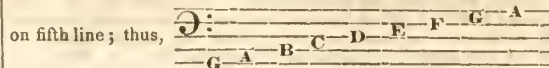


ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

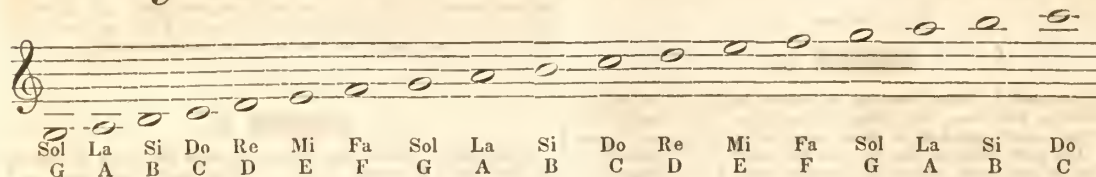
5. Which letters of the alphabet are used? The first seven.
6. What determines them on the staff? The clef. 7. Name them as written with the G clef; E on first line; F on first space; G on second line; A on second space; B on third line; C on third space; D on fourth line; E on the fourth space; F on the



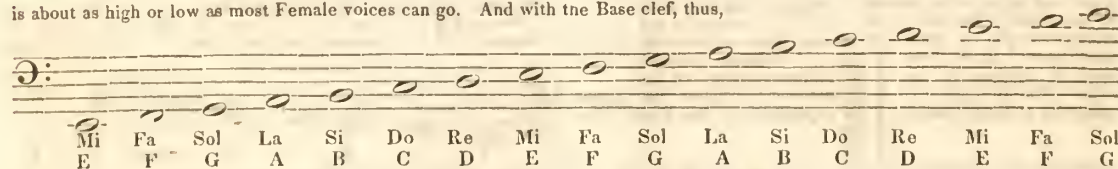
8. Name them as written with the F clef; G on first line, A on first space; B on second line; C on second space, D on third line; E on third space; F on fourth line; G on fourth space, and A



9. Can the scale be extended? Yes, to any extent desired, thus,



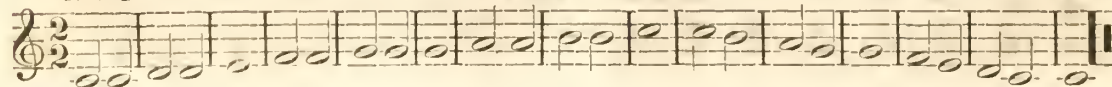
is about as high or low as most Female voices can go. And with the Base clef, thus,



is about as high or low as most male voices can go.

No. 1.

EXERCISES.



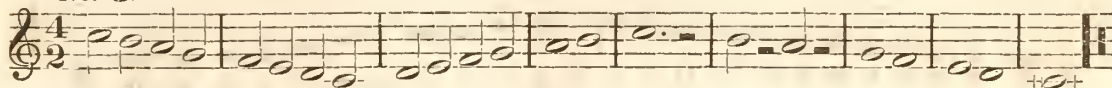
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

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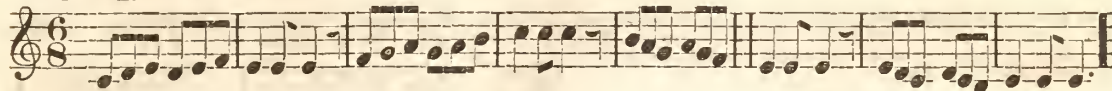
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



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No. 4.



LESSON 7.

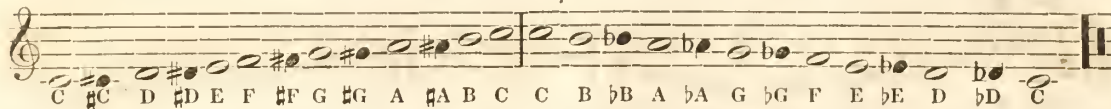
QUESTION. 1. What letter is sometimes used to represent Double Time? The letter C with a bar across it, thus,  2. What is a double bar used for? To show the end of a line in Poetry, also the end of a strain. 3. What is the close used for? To show the end of a piece of music, thus,  4. What is the use of the hold? thus,  It denotes a suspension of the time at the pleasure of the performer. 5. What are dots placed over notes, thus,  called? Staccato Marks. 6. Of what use are they? They denote that the notes should be sung in a short, distinct manner. What are three notes called with the figure 3 placed over them, thus,  Triplets, and it shows they should be sung in the time of two of the same kind.

LESSON 8.

1. What is this character called? A Brace. 2. Of what use is the brace? It denotes the number of parts to be sung together, thus, 3. Which part usually takes the lowest staff? The Bass. 4. Which, the next? The Soprano. 5. Which, the next? The Alto. 6. Which, the highest staff? The Tenor. 7. What letters are used to denote *very soft*? *pp*. 8. What soft? *p*. 9. What medium? *m*. 10. What, loud? *f*.



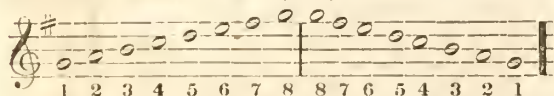
11. What *very* loud? *ff*. 12. What do the initials D. C. for Da Capo denote? They denote that the performer shall end with the first part. 13. What is the use of the repeat, written thus, :||: It denotes that the music must be repeated back from the beginning, if there is no repeat before it.



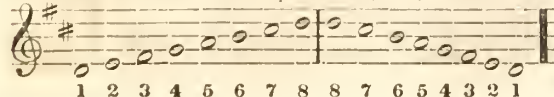
5. What is the interval from C to C sharp? A Chromatic interval. 6. What, from C sharp to D? A minor second. 7. From D to D sharp? A chromatic interval. 8. From D sharp to E? A minor second, &c. &c.

LESSON 10.

A scale is said to be transposed whenever one is written on any other letter than C. QUES. 1. Where is one written in the scale of G? Ans. On the second line, thus,

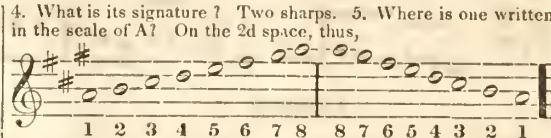


What is its signature? Ans. One sharp. 3. Where is one written on the scale of D? On the space below, thus,

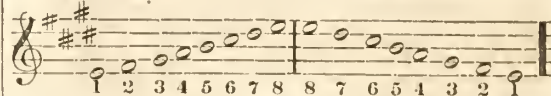


LESSON 9.

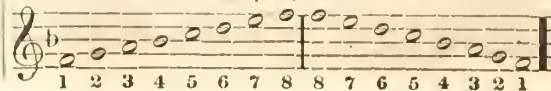
QUESTION 1. What character elevates a Chromatic Interval? Ans. A sharp, thus, \sharp . 2. What depresses the same? A flat, thus, \flat . 3. What restores it? A Natural, thus, \natural . 4. What scale have we besides the Diatonic? The chromatic, thus,



6. What is the signature? Three sharps. 7. Where is one written in the scale of E? On the first line, thus,



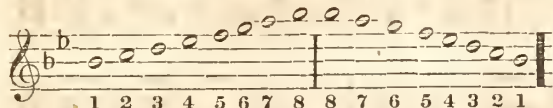
8. What is the signature? Four sharps. 9. Where is one written in scale of F? On the first space, thus,



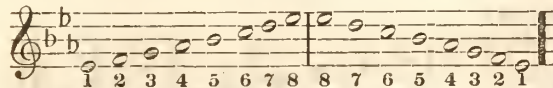
ELEMENTS OF VOCAL MUSIC.

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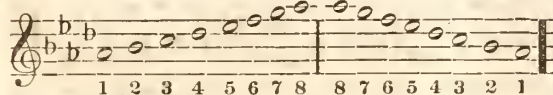
10. What is the signature? One flat. 11. Where is one written in the key of B flat? On the third line, thus,



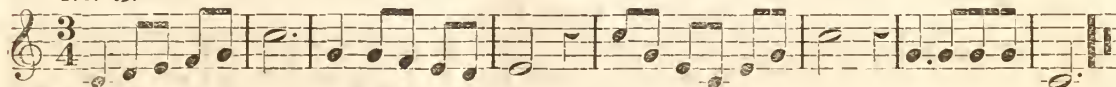
12. What is the signature? Two flats. 13. Where is one written in the key of E flat? On the first line, thus,



14. What is its signature? Three flats. 15. Where is one written on the key of A flat. On the second space, thus,

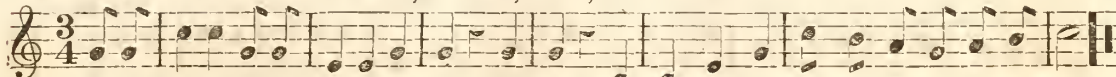


No. 3.



No. 4.

ROUND, IN TWO, FOUR, AND EIGHT PARTS.



Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, fire! fire! fire! fire, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run, run.

LESSON 11.

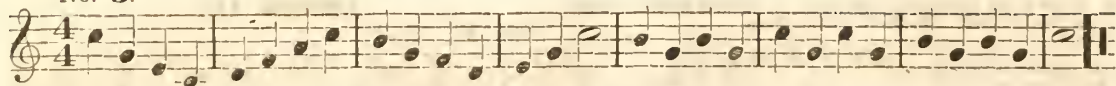
No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 5.

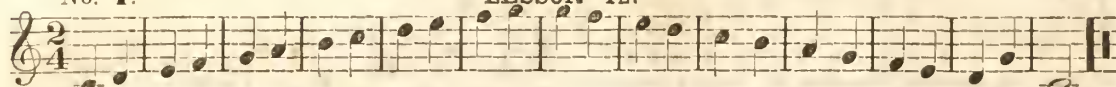


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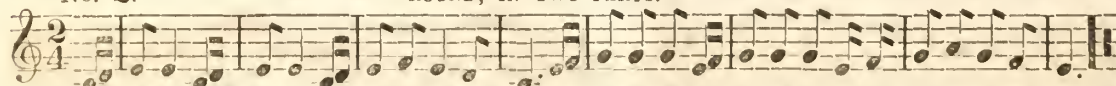
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LESSON 12.



No. 2.

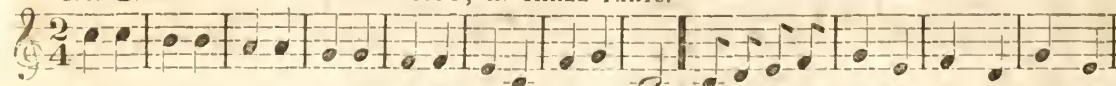
ROUND, IN TWO PARTS.



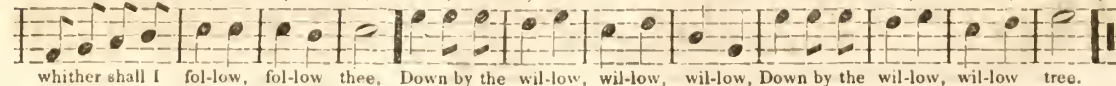
Old Mr. De-cem - ber, so you've come at last, We've looked for you, We've looked for you, For we love your northern blast.

No. 3.

ROUND, IN THREE PARTS.



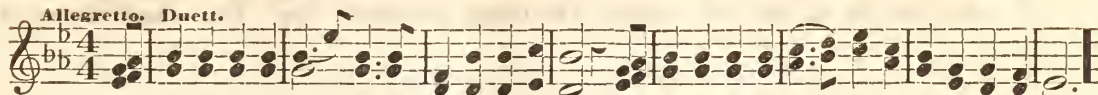
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow me. Wither shall I fol-low, fol-low, fol-low,



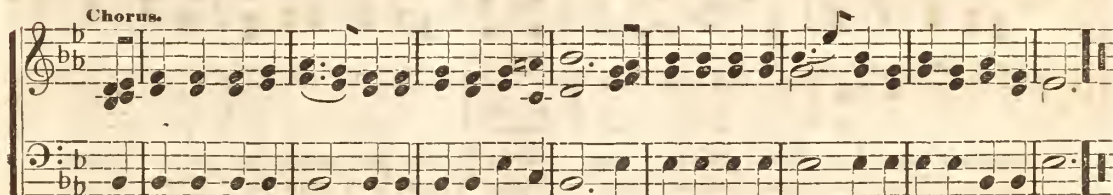
whither shall I fol-low, fol-low thee, Down by the wil-low, wil-low, wil-low, Down by the wil-low, wil-low tree.

THE
YOUTH'S SONG BOOK.

OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT. Duett and Chorus.



1. Oh! watch you well by daylight, By daylight may you fear, But keep no watch in darkness, The angels then are near;
2. Oh! watch you well in pleas-ure, For pleasure oft be-trays, But keep no watch in sorrow, When joy withdraws its rays;



For heaven the sense bestow - eth, Our wak-ing life to keep, Its ten-der mercy show - eth, To guard us in our sleep.
For in the hour of sor - row, As in the darkness drear, To heaven entrust the morrow, For angels then are near.

Andante sostenuto Duett.

1. Up-on these bare, unsheltered plains, The living germs we strew, And pray for kind-ly
2. Be-neath the shadow of their leaves, The wanton birds shall play, And children in the
3. And here, in ru - ral hol - i-days, The village girls shall sing The simple rhymes of



summer suns, And fer - til - iz - ing dew. Winds, blow gent - ly o'er them,
 summer eve, Shall sing their hearts a - way. Winds, blow gent - ly o'er them,
 old - en times, While dancing in a ring. Winds, blow gent - ly o'er them,

Concluded.

13



Rain, fall soft - ly down, Earth, enwrap them warm - ly In thy bo - som brown.
 Stars, look kindly through, Fortune, smile up - on them, If their love be true.
 Sun-shine, gild their way, 'Time, lay light thy fin - gers On their heads so gay.

GENTLE RIVER, GENTLE RIVER. Chorus.

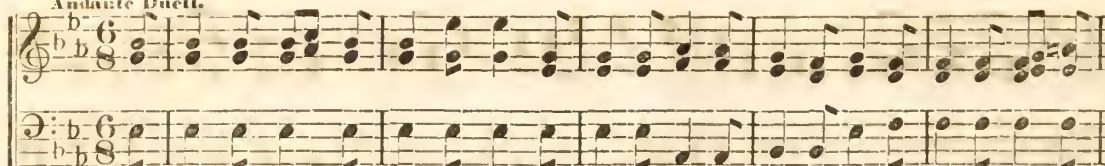
Lively.



1. Gentle river, gentle riv-er, Tell us whither do you glide, Thro' the green and sunny meadows, With your sweetly murmuring tide?
2. You for many miles must wander, Many a lovely prospect see, Gentle river, gentle river, O, how happy you must be.
3. Gen-tle river, gen-tle riv-er, Do you hear a word we say? I am sure you ought to love us, For we come here every day.
4. Gen-tle river, gen-tle riv-er, Tho' you stop not to re - ply, Yet you seem to smile upon us, As you quickly pass us by.

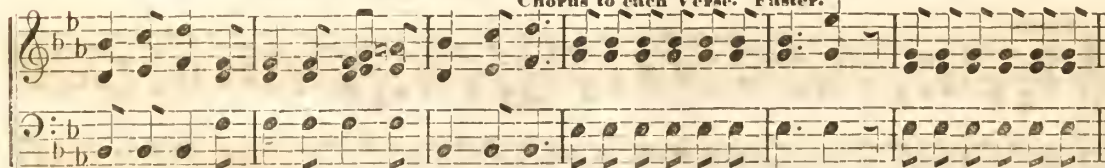
I AM THE BOY OF THE MOUNTAIN. Duett and Chorus.

Andante Duett.



1. A herd - boy on the mountain's brow—I see the cas-tles all be-low; The sun-beam here is
2. The moth-er house of streams is here—I drink them in their cradles clear, From out the rock they
3. To me be-longs the mountain's bound, Where gathering tempests march around; But tho' from north and
4. Be - low me clouds and thunders move—I stand a - mid the blue a-bove; I shout to them with
5. And when the loud bell shakes the spires And flame a - loft the sig - nal fires, I go be-low and

Chorus to each Verse. Faster.



earliest east, And by my side it lin - gers last. I am the boy of the moun-tain,
foam be-low, I spring to catch them as they go. I am the boy of the moun-tain,
south they shout, Above them still my song rings out. I am the boy of the moun-tain,
fear-less breast, Go, leave my father's house in rest. I am the boy of the moun-tain,
join the throng, And swing my sword and sing my song. I am the boy of the moun-tain,

I am the boy of the
I am the boy of the
I am the boy of the
I am the boy of the
I am the boy of the

Concluded.

15



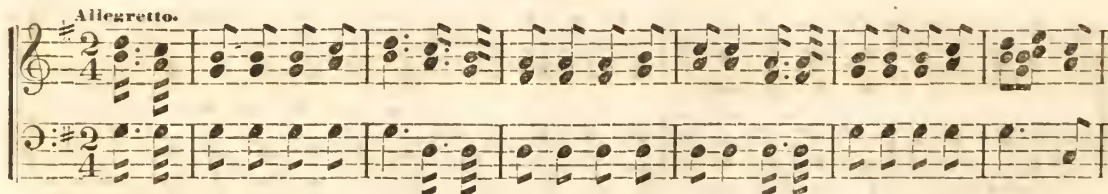
moun-tain, I am the hoy, I am the boy, I am the boy of the moun-tain.
 moun-tain, I am the boy, I am the boy, I am the boy of the moun-tain.
 moun-tain, I am the boy, I am the boy, I am the boy of the moun-tain.
 moun-tain, I am the boy, I am the boy, I am the boy of the moun-tain.
 moun-tain, I am the boy, I am the boy, I am the boy of the moun-tain.

THE LANDSCAPE. Chorus.

Pleasantly.



1. There is one pleasant little spot Which more than all I prize, A grassy bank beneath a tree, Which cool and sheltered lies.
2. And near me, dancing o'er the stones, A little brook runs by, Where shadows from the summer leaves Half veil the azure sky.
3. And far away the village church With spire so white and tall, Like some good spirit sits alone, And watches over all.
4. The birds and flow'rs, like pleasant friends, Seem fondly gathering near; I see their kind and gentle looks Their cheerful voices near
5. I cannot feel alone, for He Who made the earth so fair, The God my eyes cannot behold, I know and feel is there.



1. Oh! the sum-mer days are sweet, And I long to have them coming! How my pulse will glow to meet The
2. Oh! the sum-mer days are fair, And I long to have the power Of the sun in flood-tide ray, Em-
3. Oh! the sum-mer days are fair, And I long to see the thicket, When the grasshoppers are there, And
4. Oh! the sum-mer days are bright, And I long to mark their glory, When the lark talks to the light, And
5. Sum-mer days will soon be near, And I long to have them nearer; For with the sunshine rich and clear, And



shad-ows in the ar-bor seat, And I'll dance to hear the beetle thrumming, thrumming, thrumming, thrumming.
 bracing earth—as Love, they say, Did his love—in golden, golden shower, shower, shower, shower.
 ros-es flash out eve-ry-where, By the gar-den wall or cot-tage thicket, thicket, thicket, thicket.
 till the gleesome bird of night, Will go on with fai-ry, fai-ry, sto-ry, sto-ry, sto-ry, sto-ry.
 fruit and flow'rs, and all things dear, They will bring me something dearer, dearer, dearer, dearer, dearer.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES. Chorus and Duett.

17

Andante Chorus.

1. Buttercups and dai - sies— Oh! the pretty flow'rs! Coming here in spring time, To tell of sunny hours.
2. Ere the snow-drop peepeth, Ere the crocus bold, Ere the ear-ly prim-rose Opes its pa-ly gold—
3. What to them is weather ! What are stormy showers ! Buttercups and daisies Are these human flow-ers !
4. Welcome, yellow buttercups ! Welcome daisies white! Ye are in my spir - it, Vis-ion-ed, a de - light!

Duett. **Chorus.**

While the trees are leafless, While the fields are bare, Buttercups and dai-sies, Spring up here and there.
Somewhere on a sunny bank Buttercups are bright, Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass Peeps the daisy white.
He who gave them hardship, And a life of care, Gave them likewise hardy strength, And patient hearts to bear
Coming ere the spring time, Sun-ny hours to tell— Speaking to our hearts of him Who doeth all things well



1. Somewhat back from the vil - lage street Stands the old fash-ioned country seat, A - cross its antique
2. By day its voico is low and light, But in the si - lent dead of night, Dis-tinet as pass-ing
3. There groups of mer-ry chil - dren played, There youths and maidens dreaming strayed, O, precious hours, O
4. All are seat - ter - ed now and fled, Some are mar - ri - ed, some are dead; And when I ask, with
5. Nev - er here, for - ev - er there, Where all parting, pain and care, And death and time shall



por - ti - co Tall pop - lar trees their shad-ows throw; And from its sta - tion in the hall An
 foot-step's fall, It ech-oes long the va - cant hall, A - long the ceil-ing, long the floor, And
 gold - en prime, And affluence love and old - en time! E'en as a mi - ser counts his gold, Thoso
 throbs of pain, "Ah! when shall they e'er meet a - gain, As in the days, long since gone by," The
 dis - ap - pear,—For - ev - er there, but nev - er here! The ho-rologe of E - ter - ni - ty Say-

Concluded.

19



an - cient time-piece says to all,— “ For - ev - er— nev - er! Nev - er— for - ev - er!”
 seems to say at cham-ber door, “ For - ev - er— nev - er! Nev - er— for - ev - er!”
 hours the an - cient time-piece told, “ For - ev - er— nev - er! Nev - er— for - ev - er!”
 an - cient time-piece makes re - ply— “ For - ev - er— nev - er! Nev - er— for - ev - er!”
 eth this in - cess - ant - ly,— “ For - ev - er— nev - er! Nev - er— for - ev - er!”

BOAT SONG. Chorus.

Lively.

D. C.



1. { Gaily our boat glides o'er the sea, And light the oar we ply. } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.
2. { Mer-ri-ly rings our song so free, As sea birds round us fly. } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.
3. { Here on the billows as we go, A-way from care and strife, } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.
4. { Health is in store for us, we know, O, who would flee this life! } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.
5. { Bend to the oar, nor fear the storm, A-way, a-way we glide, } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.
6. { Mer - ri - ly sing nor sit forlorn, As glides the homeward tide. } Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la.

GENTLE WORDS. Solo, Duett and Chorus. ARRANGED FROM MEHUL.

1. The open - ing rose in' sum - mer time Is beau - ti - ful to me, And glo - ri - ous the
2. The sun may warm the grass to life, The dew, the droop-ing flow'r, And eyes grow bright and
3. It is not much the world can give, With all its sub - tle art, And gold and gems are

man - y stars That glim-mer on the sea; But gen - tle words and loving hearts, And hands to clasp my
 watch the light Of Au - tumn's opening hour—But words that breathe of tenderness, And smiles we know are
 not the things To sat - is - fy the heart, But oh! if those who eluster round The al - tar and the

Concluded.

21



own, Are bet - ter than the bright - est flow'rs, Or stars that ev - er shone.
true, Are warm - er than the Sum - mer time, And bright - er than the dew.
hearth Have gen - tle words and lov - ing smiles, How beau - ti - ful is earth.

THE COMING OF WINTER.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Autumn's sighing, moaning, dying, Clouds are flying on like steeds; While their shadows o'er the meadows, Wail like widows decked in weeds.
2. Red leaves trailing fall unfailing, Dropping, sail-ing from the wood, That unpliant, stands defiant, Like a giant drop-ping blood.
3. Winds are swelling round her dwelling, All day, telling us their wo; And at vesper, frosts grow crisper, As they whisper of the snow.
4. Now bright pleasure's sparkling measures With rare treasures overflow! With this gladness comes what sadness! O, what madness, oh! what wo.
5. E-ven merit may in - herit Some lone garret or the ground; Or n worse ill, beg a morsel, At some door-sill like a hound.
6. Storms are trailing, winds are wailing, Howling, railing at each door, 'Midst this trailing, howling, railing, List the wailing of the poor.

LIST YE TO THE BELLS. Chorus for the Fourth of July.

Lively.

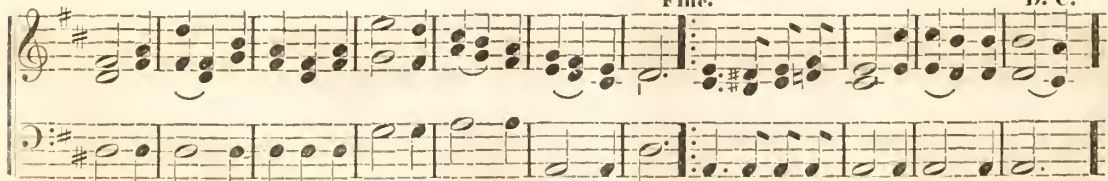
Words written for this work by C. W.



1. List ye to the bells, so mer-ri-ly ringing, A thousand happy voi-ces loud are singing, A thousand scented
2. See the flow'ry banners o'er us streaming, And see the rosy youth with pleasure beaming, O hear the thrilling
3. Land of pilgrims, live, oh live there forever, Protect us, mighty God, protect us ever, Let cries of war and

Fine.

D. C.



groves are up-ward springing, To usher in this free-dom day. { Bear the merry sounds, ye breezes, bear them.
 strains that mock our dreaming, 'Tis music meet for free-dom day. { Bear the merry sounds, to ev' - ry shoro.
 e - vil nev - er, nev-er Go up to shade our free-dom day.

O COME TO THE PICNIC GROVE. Solo and Chorus.

23

Lively.

1. O come to the pic-nic grove, Where the skies a-bove are clear, Where the light-toned breezes
2. When list ye the sounding horn, Gath-er round the ru - ral board, Where the dain-ties sweet, by
3. We've heard in gor-ge-ous hall, El - o - quence of migh - ty pow'r; But a God speaks here, we'll

Duett.

D. C.

plays 'mong the trees, And the pure lake dances near. But strike the light gui-tar, Ere yet we wan-der far.
 fair ones neat Received bright roses stored. But strike the light gui-tar, Ere yet we wan-der far.
 listen, fear, And a-dore in this blest hour. But strike the light gui-tar, Ere yet we wan-der far



1. Jin - gle, jin - gle, clear the way! 'Tis the mer - ry, mer - ry sleigh! As it swift - ly scuds a - long,
2. Jin - gle, jin - gle, on they go, Caps and bon - nets white with snow, At the fa - ces swimming past,
3. Jin - gle, jin - gle, down the hills, O'er the mead-ows, past the mills, Now 'tis slow and now 'tis fast,



Hear the burst of hap-py song, See the gleam of glances bright, Flashing o'er the pathway white, Jingle, jin-gle,
 Nodding thro' the flee-cy blast; Not a sin-gle robe they fold, To protect them from the cold, Jingle, jin-gle,
 Winter will not always last; Ev'ry pleasure has its time, Spring will come and stop the chime; Jingle, jingle,

Chorus.



how it whirls! Crowded full of laugh-ing girls.
'mid the storm, Fun and frolic keep them warm.
clear the way! 'Tis the mer-ry, mer-ry sleigh.

Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way,
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle, clear the way,

1st time.

2d time.



'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh! 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh!
'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh! 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh!
'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh! 'Tis the merry, merry, merry, merry, merry sleigh!

Not too fast.



1. The sum-mer days are com-ing, The blos-soms deck the bough, The bees are 'gai-ly
But her reign is near-ly o-ver, The spring is on the wane; O haste thee, gen-tle
2. The min-strel of the moon-light, The love-lorn night-in-gale Hath sung his month of
O the sum-mer days are com-ing, And sum-mer nights more dear; O haste thee, gen-tle
3. We'll rise and hail thee ear-ly, Be-fore the sun hath dried The dewdrops that will
O the sum-mer days are com-ing, And the sum-mer nights more dear; O haste thee, gen-tle

Fine.



hum-ming, And the birds are sing-ing now	}	We have had our May-day gar-lands, we have
sum-mer, to our pleas-ant land a-gain.		
mu-sic to the rose-green of the vale,		And what though he be si-lent, as the
sum-mer, for there's joy when thou art near.		
spar-kle on the green hedge by our side;		And when the blaze of noon-day glares up-
sum-mer, for there's joy when thou art near.	}	



D. C. Fine.

crowned our Mayday Queen With a cor - o - nal of ros - es Set in leaves of brightest green.
 night comes slowly on, We'll have dan - ces on the green, and to sweet mu-sic of our own.
 on the thirs-ty flow'rs, We will seek the welcome cov - ert of our jasmine shad-ed bow'rs.

THE ROBIN. Chorus.



1. Pret-ty rob-in, do not go, For I love to have you near; Stay among the shady leaves, Sing your songs so sweet and clear.
2. Pret-ty bird, you do not know How each morning in the spring To my window I would go, Hoping I might hear you sing.
 And when one delightful morn first I caught your cheerful strain, Like some long lost friend you seemed To our home come back again.
1. Pleasant stories then you told, Of that joyous southern clime, Where the roses do not fade, And 'tis one long summer time.



1. { Oh! it is not while rich-es and splendor surround us That friendship and friends can be put to the test;
 { It is but when af-flic-tion's cold presen-ee has bound us, We find which the hearts are that love us the best.
 But if sor-row o'er-takes us, each false one for-sakes us, And leaves us to sink or to strug-gle a-lone.
2. { And though on love's al-tar the flame that is glow-ing, Be brighter, still friendship's is stead-i-er far;
 { One wavers and turns with each breeze that is blow-ing, And is but a me-teor the other's a star.
 While friendship's bright flame ever burns e'en the same, Or glows but the brighter, the near-er its last.



For friends, will smile when for-tunes dawn! Whilo the breeze and the tide waft us stead-i-ly on.
 In youth love's light burns warm and bright, But it dies ere the win-ter of age be past

WHAT FAIRY LIKE MUSIC. Chorus and Duett.

29



1. What fairy like music steals o-ver the sea, Entrancing my senses with charmed melo- dy.
2. The winds are all hushed and the waters at rest, They sleep like the passion in infancy's breast.



'Tis the voice of the mermaid that floats o'er the main, As she mingles her song with the gon-do - lier's strain.
Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark cave, And break the repose of the soul and the wave.

Lively.

1. Oh! swift we go o'er the fleecy snow, Where moonbeams sparkle round; When hoofs keep time to music's chime, As
2. On win-ter's night when our hearts are light, And breath is on the wind, We loose the rein, and sweep the plain, And
3. With laugh and song we glide a-long, A-cross the fleeting snow, With friends beside, how swift we'll ride, The
4. The rag-ing sea has the joys for me, When gale and tempest roar; But givo me the speed of the foaming steed, And

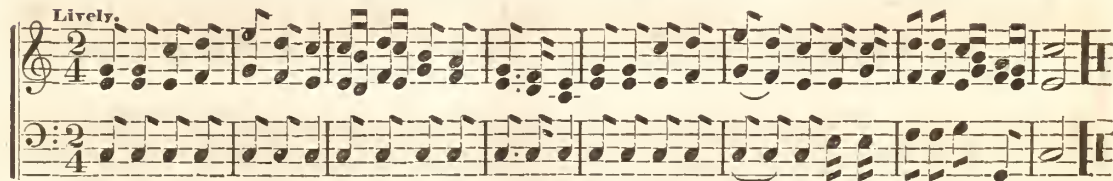


mer-ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we
 leave our cares be - hind, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we
 beau - ti - ful track be - low, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we
 I'll ask for waves no more, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we



bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we bound.
 bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we bound.
 bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly oh, as mer - ri - ly on we bound.
 bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we bound.

OH! THE SUNNY SUMMER TIME.



1. Oh! the sunny summer time, Oh! the lea-ry summer time! Merry is the bird's life, When the year is in its prime.
2. Birds are by the waterfalls, Dashing in the rainbow spray; Ev'ry where, ev'ry where, Light and lovely there are they!
3. On the moor and in the fen, 'Mong the whortleberries green; In the yellow furze-bush, There the joyous bird is seen.
4. In the joyous song it rings, In the liquid air it cleaves, In the sunshine, in the show-er, In the grassy nest it weaves.

Gracefully.

Chorus.

1. Fair flows the riv - er, Smooth - ly glid - ing on; Green grow the bulrushes Round the stately swan.
2. Low bend the branch-es In . the wa - ter bright, Up comes the swan sailing Plumy all and white.
3. Thick grow the flow-ers 'Neath the chestnut shade; Green grow the bulrushes Where thy nest is made;

Duett.

Chorus.

What an isle of beauty The noble bird hath found, Green trees and stateliest Grow all the isle a-round.
 Like a ship at an-chor, Now, now he lies at rest, Little waves seem dainti-ly To play about his breast.
 Lovely ye, and loving The mother bird and thee, Watch o'er your little brood Beneath the river tree

COLD WINDS SWEEP THE MOUNTAIN'S HEIGHT. Solo, Duett and Chorus. 33

Solo. **Duett.**

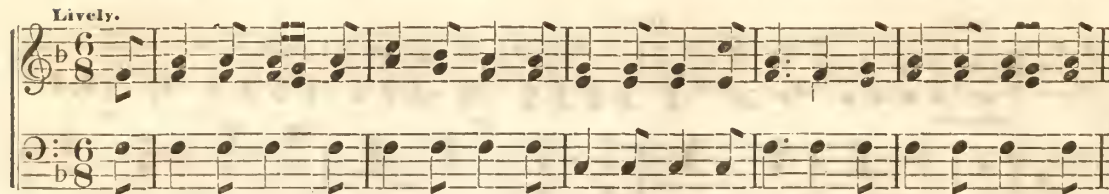
Andante.

1. The cold winds swept the mountain's height, And pathless was the dreary wild, And mid the cheerless hours of night, A
2. And cold-er still the winds did blow, And darker hours of night came on, And deeper grew the drifts of snow; Her
3. She stripped her mantle from her breast, And bared her bosom to the storm, And round the child she wrapped the vest, And
4. At dawn a trav - el - ler passed by, And saw her 'neath a snow - y veil; The frost of death was in her eye, Her

Chorus.

mother wandered with her child. As thro' the drift-ing snow she pressed, The babe was sleeping on her breast. limbs were chilled, her strength was gone, "O God!" she cried in accents wild, "If I must per-ish, save my child." smiled to think her babe was warm; With one cold kiss, one tear she shed, And sunk up - on her snow-y bed. cheek was cold, and hard and pale—He moved the robe from off the child, The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

34 A FARMER'S LIFE'S THE LIFE FOR ME. Solo & Chorus. I. B. WOODBURY.



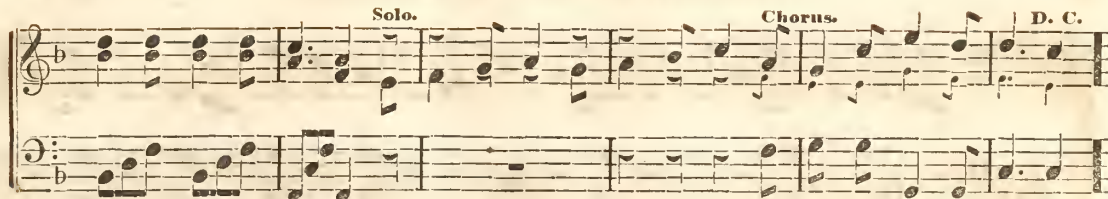
1. A far-mer's life's is the life for me; I own I love it dear-ly, And ev'-ry sea - son
2. The Law-er leads a har-rass'd life, Much like the hunt - ed ot - ter; And 'tween his own and
3. The Doe-tor's styled a gen - tle - man, But this I hold but hum-ming; For like a tay - ern
4. A Far - mer's life then let me lead, Ob - tain - ing while I lead it, E - nough for self, and



full of glee, I take its la - bor cheer - ly. To plough or sow, to reap or mow, Or
 oth - er's strife, He's al - ways in hot wa - ter, For foe or friend, A cause de - fend, How -
 wait - ing man, To ev' - ry call he's "com - ing." Now, here, now there, must he re - pair, Or
 some to give, To such poor souls as need it. I'll drain and fence, Nor grudge expense, To

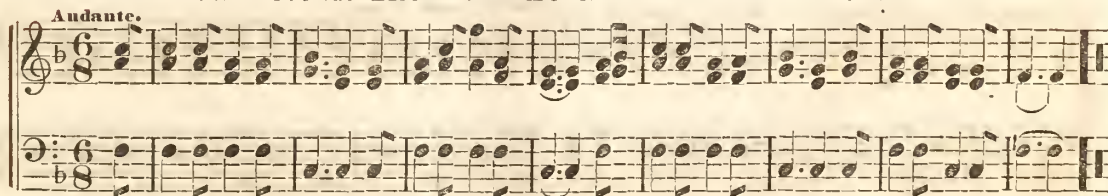
Concluded.

35



in the barn to thrash, sir, All's one to me, I plain - ly see, 'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.
 ev - er wrong must he, sir; In rea - son's spite Maintain its right, And clear - ly earn his fee, sir.
 starve, sir, by de - ny - ing; Like death him - self, Un - hap - py elf, He lives by oth - er's dy - ing.
 give my land good dress - ing; I'll plough and sow, Or drill in row, And hope from Heav'n a bless - ing.

THE ROSE THAT HAILS THE MORNING. Chorus.



1. The rose that hails the morning, Arrayed in all its sweets, Its mossy couch adorning, The sun enamored meets;
2. Yet, when the warm beam rushes, Where hid in gloom it lies, O'erwhelmed with glowing blushes, The hapless victim lies.
3. Sweet maid, this rose discovers How frail is beauty's doom, When flattery round it hovers, To spoil its proudest bloom.
4. Then shun each gaudy pleasure, That lures thee on to fade, And guard thy beauty's treasure To decorate a shade.

Solo.

1. It breaks, it breaks from east-ern chambers, The gold - en morn - ing ray! All hail! thou bright and
2. It bursts, it bursts from east-ern cham-bers, A flood of glo - rious light! He comes, he comes the
3. I wel - come thee, O love - ly morn-ing, And thank the kind - ly pow'r Whose smile of love bids

Chorus to each Verse.

blessed morning, All hail! thou new-born day. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 sun in splendor, Vic-to-rious o'er the night. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
 darkness vanish, And wakes the morning hour. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

[illegible]

SONG FOR CHANGING WEATHER. Chorus

Lively.

The musical score is written on two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both staves have a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The melody is written in a simple, rhythmic style with many beamed eighth notes. The piece is marked 'Lively.' and ends with a double bar line.

1. It shines, it rains, Then shines again, What does the weather mean, It hangs in doubt, The sun comes out, With drizzling mists between.
2. Now dark, now light, Like a day, like night, 'Tis changing, fickle weather, It mists at times, Then rains or shines, And sometimes altogether.
3. I pout, I pet, Well pleased I get; Both did I -gent and -la-zy; In my own way, Is such a day, When rainy, shiny, hazy.
4. Do this, do that, What would'st be at! This ranging changing heart! Be still; Oh cease! With sunshine Peace, How soon the clouds depart.
5. It is just so, The clouds will go, When all at once 'tis clearing, The clouds gone by, That bow on high, Looks peaceful, bright and cheering.
6. Thou silly art, Oh fitful heart! Why wonder till thou'rt weary? Oh then be still For soon it will be pleasant, light and cheery.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

Not too fast.



1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood, When fond recol-lee-tion pre-sents to my view
 { The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood, And ev'ry loved spot which my in-fan-cy knew.
 The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
2. { The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure, For oft-en at noon, when returned from the field,
 { I found it the source of an ex-quis-ite pleasure, The purest and sweetest that na-ture can yield;
 The old oak-en buck-et, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well.
3. { How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it, As pois'd on the curb it in-clined to my lips;
 { Not a full flowing goblet could tempt me to leave it, Though filled with the nec-tar that Ju-piter sips,
 The old oak-en bucket, the i-ron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Solo Voice.

D. C. Fine.



- { The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood near it, Tho' bridge and the rock where the cataract fell,
 { The cot of my fath-er, the dai-ry house nigh it, And e'en the rude buck-et that hung in the well.
 { How ar-dent I seiz-ed it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-pebbled bot-tom it fell,
 { Then soon with the emblem of truth o'er-flow-ing, And drop-ping with cool-ness it rose from the well.
 { And now far removed from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-tru-sive-ly swell.
 { As fan-cy re-verts to my father's plan-ta-tion, And sighs for the buck-et which hung in the well.

* To give variety, let it be sung the first time as a Solo, the second as a Duett and D. C. as Chorus.

HOURS THERE WERE TO MEMORY DEARER.

MOZART.

39

D. C. Fine.



- { Hours there were, to memory dearer, Than the sun-bright scenes of day,
 1. { Friends were dearer, joys were nearer, But alas ! they've fled away. Oh ! 'twas when the moonlight playing O'er the valley's silent grove
 Told the blissful hour for straying With my fond, my silent love.
 { Oft when evening faded mildly, O'er the wave my bark would rove,
 2. { Then we've heard the night-bird wildly Breathe his vespertale of love ; Songs like his my love would sing me, Songs that warble round me yet ;
 Ah ! but where does mem'ry bring me, Scenes like those I must forget.
 { But in dreams let friends be near me, With the joys bloomed before
 3. { Slumb'ring then they'll sweetly cheer me, Calm to live my pleasures o'er ; Then perhaps some hope may waken In this heart the past with care,
 And like flowers in vale forsaken, Live a lonely beauty there.

FAREWELL, MOTHER :

1
 Farewell Mother ! tears are streaming
 Down thy pale and tender cheek ;
 I, in gems and roses gleaming,
 Scarce this sad farewell may speak.
 Farewell, Mother ! now I leave thee,
 (Hopes and tears my bosom swell,)
 One to trust who may deceive me—
 Farewell, Mother ! fare thee well !

2
 Farewell, Father ! thou art smiling,
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow ;
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness to which I go.
 Farewell, Father ! thou didst bless me
 Ere my lips thy name could tell ;
 He may wound, who can caress me.
 Father ! Guardian, fare thee well.

3
 Farewell, Sister ! thou art twining
 Round me in affection deep ;
 Wishing joy but ne'er divining
 Why a blessed bride should weep.
 Farewell, brave and gentle Brother !
 Thou art more dear than words can tell ;
 Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
 All beloved ones, fare ye well.

WHEN THE YELLOW MOONBEAMS QUIVER. Chorus and Duett.



1. When the yel - low moonbeams quiver, The rip-pling waves a - mong, Then o'er the shin - ing
2. When the stars their watch are keeping, In the dark blue arch above, And the evening dews are



riv - er, Floats now the gon-do-lier's song, Night's silence sweetly breaking, The gentle echoes waking.
weeping, The close of flow-ers they love ; Then fairies trip it fleetly, The Ring-dove murmuring sweetly

WHEN NIGHT COMES O'ER THE PLAIN. Duett and Chorus. 41

Moderate. **NEALSON. Fine.**

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is a vocal melody in treble clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The bottom staff is an accompaniment in bass clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note.

{ When night comes o'er the plain, And moonlight o'er the sea, Oh meet me once again Where oft I've welcomed thee,
 { When first the morning's ray Il - lumes the verdant lea, I'll leave my lonely way And wander forth with thee.
 The tree whose branches hung A-bove the flowing rill Upon whose banks we sung The songs that haunt me still.

SOLO. 1st Voice. **2d Voice.** **D. C. Chorus. Fine.**

The second system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is a solo voice melody in treble clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note. The bottom staff is an accompaniment in bass clef, 6/8 time, with a key signature of one flat. It begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note.

{ How dear is ev'ry spot, Where oft in youth we strayed The mountain and the cot, The streamlet and the glade;
 { The tree whose branches hung Above the flowing rill; Up - on whose banks we sung, The song that haunt me still.

SONG OF NATURE. SOLO and CHORUS.

Andante. Solo, 1st and 2d voices.



1. The fair smile of morn-ing, The glo - ry of noon, The bright stars a - dorn - ing The
The mist cov - ered moun-tain, The val - ley and plain, The lake and the foun - tain, The
2. The tim - id Spring, steal-ing through light and per-fume; The Summer's re - veal - ing Of
The rich Autumn, glow - ing With fruit treas-ures crown'd, The pale Win-ter, throw - ing His
3. There is not a sor - row That hath not a balm, From na - ture to bor - row, In
There is not a sea - son, There is not a scene, But Fan - cy and Rea - son May

* DUETT.

D. C. in Chorus.



path of the moon : }	Their mag - ie com - bin - ing,	Il - lume and con - trol,
riv - er and main; }	The care and re - pin - ing	That dark - en the soul.
beau - ty and bloom; }	All wide - ly dif - fus - ing	A charm on the earth,
snow-wreathes a - round; }	Wake lof - ti - er mus - ing,	And ho - li - er mlrth.
tem - pest or calm; }	And own it pos - sess - ing,	A zest for the glad,
gaze on se - rene; }	A sol - ace and bless - ing	To com - fort the sad!

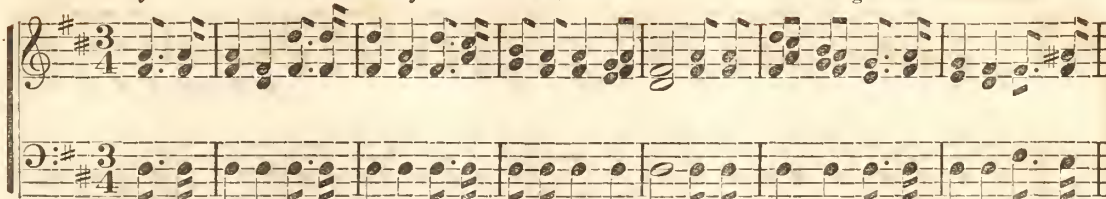
* The 1st voice sings to here, after which the 2d voice responds, coming in as a duett after the double bar, and end D. C. chorus.

THE DYING GIRL. CHORUS.

43

Poetry Written for this work by J. H. Brown.

Arranged from S. Reichard.



1. Dearest mother, I am dying, Feeble is my quickening breath, Angel tones to me re-plying, Gent-ly
2. O'er me place a weeping willow, When my soul to God has fled, On the green sod for a pil-low, Lay to
3. For I go to Him in heaven, Him to whom we look in love, Unto thee a short time giv-en, Ere he
4. Fare thee well, my brother, sister, Give one last, one fondest kiss; For I see through opening vista, Scenes of



woo me in - to death; Kiss me, kiss me, mother dear, Drop for me no bitter tear, Drop for me no bit-ter tear.
 qui-et rest my head; But let those around my bier, Drop for me no bit-ter tear, Drop for me no bit-ter tear.
 called me up a-bove; Mother, this thy heart should cheer, Drop for me no bitter tear, Drop for me no bitter tear.
 light, and glorious bliss, Kneel in prayer, and gather noar; Drop for me no bitter tear, Drop for me no bitter tear.

TRY AGAIN. CHORUS.

Spiritoso.

1. 'Tis a les-son you should heed, Try again, try again; If at first you don't succeed, Try again; Then your courage
2. Once or twice tho' you should fail, Try again, try a-gain; If at last you would prevail, Try a-gain; If we strive, 'tis
3. If you find your task is hard, Try again, try again; Time will bring your sure reward, Try again; All that other



should appear, If you will but persevere, You will conquer, never fear, Try again, try again, try a - gain.
 no disgrace, Tho' we may not win the race, What should we do in that case? Try again, try again, try a - gain.
 folks can do, Why with patience should not you? Only keep this rule in view, Try again, try again, try a - gain.

OH! THE SUNNY SUMMER TIME. CHORUS.

45

Lively.

Arranged from Massaniello.



1. Oh, the sun - ny summer time, Oh, the leaf - y summer time, Mer-ry is the bird's life, When the
2. Do we wake, or do we sleep; Go our fan - cies in a crowd, Af - ter ma - ny a dull care; Birds are



year is in its prime! Birds are in the for-est old, } Birds are on the green hills, Birds are by the sea.
Building in each hoary tree; }
sing-ing long and loud! Sing, oh, nightingale, and pour } Singing thus for us, birds, We will sing for you. .
Out for us sweet fancies new! }

SLUMBER ON. DUETT and CHORUS.

Allegretto. Chorus.

Words written for this work, by J. H. Brown.



1. Slumber on, my darling boy, Peace-ful be thy sleep! Angels will thy dreams employ, 'Round thee vigils keep;
2. Slumber on, my darling boy, In thy dreams and smiles, There is joy without alloy, In thy heart no guile.
3. Slumber on, my darling boy, Dream on dearest one! Thou'rt more like a fragile toy, Than my darling son!

DUETT.

CHORUS

Thema from Zeesteege.



Slumber, slumber dearest child, Smile so sweet, and voice so mild! Slumber on my darling boy, Peaceful be thy sleep.
 Dream thee, dream thee, gentle dear, Thou hast nought to doubt or fear, Slumber on my darling boy, In thy dreams a smile.
 Slumber, slumber, dreams will break, Soon, too soon wilt thou awake! Slumber on, my darling boy, Dream on, dearest one.

HARVEST TIME. CHORUS

47

Lively.

1. Thro' leaves with drops so pear-ly, Go forth the reap-ers ear - ly, A - mong the yel-low corn ; Good
2. At noon they leave the meadows, Beneath the friendly shad - ow, Of mammoth oak to dine ; And
3. And when the west is burning, From shaven field re - turn - ing, Up - on the wain they come ; When

luck betide their sheav-ing, For win-ter tide is weav - ing, And we must fill the barn, And
 'mid his branches ho - ry, Goes up the thankful sto - ry, The har-vest is so fine, The
 all their ham-let neigh-bors, Re-joice to end their la - bors, In mer-ry har-vest home, In

2d time.

we must fill the barn. Tra la la la, tra la la la, The bu - sy har-vest time.
 har - vest is so fine. Tra la la la, tra la la la, The blessed har-vest time.
 mer - ry harvest home. Tra la la la, tra la la la, The joy - ous har-vest time.

SOUTH WIND SOFTLY BLOWING. DUETT and CHORUS.

Andante. Duett.

F. Strauss.

1. South wind, soft - ly blow - ing, Balm - y is thy breath, Gen - tle as a spir - it,
2. Of green fields thou mind'st me, Of the for - est tree; Of all buds and blossoms,
3. When the fields are shin - ing, Soft - ly o'er the air, Floats a mis - ty va - por,
4. South wind! I do love thee, For thou bring'st to me, Mu - sic, beau - ty, gladness,

CHORUS.

Steal - ing o'er the earth. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 Talk - est thou to me. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 Tell - ing thou art there. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 And I welcome thee. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la a.

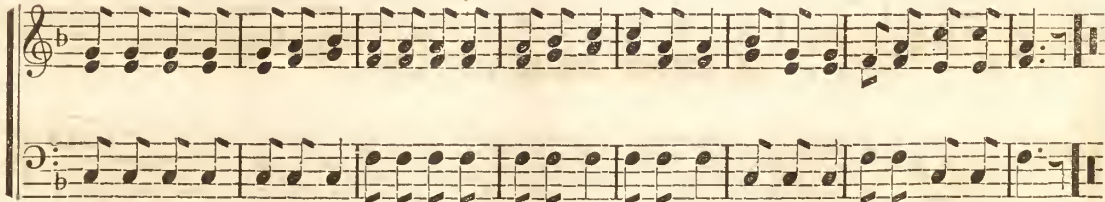
STUDY LOW. Chorus or Duett.

49

Lively.



1. Study low, study low, Ladies don't dis-turb me so; Whisper not, whisper not, In this pleasant spot;
2. Busy now, bu-sy now, Eve-ry one should be I trow, I'd be one, I'd be one, Do not hin-der me;
3. Listen close, list-en close, Lest our teacher's words we lose, Fail must tho't, Fail must tho't, If he guide it not;



In this school-room you are bound, To suppress the slightest sound, Silence reigns, silence reigns, In these fair domains.
On-ly those who stud - y love, And who will their minds improve, Welcome are, welcome are, In our joys to share.
If we learn thus day by day, When our youth has pass'd away, Joys we'll find, joys we'll find, Bless the gifted mind.

COME INTO THE AUTUMN FIELDS. DUETT and CHORUS.

51

Lively. DUETT.



1. Come in - to the har-vest fields, This autumn morn with me; For in the pleas-ant autumn fields, There's
2. On the yel-low slopes of corn, The autumn sun shines clearly; 'Tis joy to walk on days like this, A-
3. Bright o'er gold-en fields of corn, Doth shine the au-tumn sky; So let's be mer-ry while we may, For
4. Come then to the har-vest fields, The rob-in sings his song; The corn stands yellow on the hills, And

Chorus to each verse.



much to hear and see. Come where the harvest is, Come, come away, come away, come away, come, come away.
 mong the bearded barley. Come where the harvest is, Come, come away, come away, come away, come, come away.
 time goes hurrying by. Come where the harvest is, Come, come away, come away, come away, come, come away.
 autumn stays not long. Come where the harvest is, Come, come away, come away, come away, come, come away.

OH COME! FOR THE LILY!* MORNING CHORUS.

Lively. Solo and Chorus, D. C.



1. Oh, come for the lil - y is white on the lea; Oh, come, for the wood-doves are paired on the tree; }
The lark sings with dew on her wings and her feet; The thrush pours its dit - ty loud, varied and sweet. }
2. Oh, come, for the thros-tle in - vites you a - broad, And soft comes the plover's cry down from the eloud; }
The stream lifts his voice, and yon lil-y's be - gun To o - pen its lips and drink dew in the sun; }
3. Oh, haste, for the shepherd hath wakened his pipe, And led out his lambs where the blackberries ripe— }
The bright sun is tast - ing the dew on the thyme; The gay maiden's cilt-ing an old brid - al rhyme; }

DUETT.

D. C.



We will go where the twin leaves 'Mid fragrance have been, And with flowers I will weave thee a crown like a queen.
The sky laughs in light, Earth rejoices in green, Oh come, and I'll crown thee with flowers like a queen.
There is joy in the heaven, And gladness on earth, So come to the sunshine and mix in the mirth.

* The first part of this piece should be sung by solo voices, alternately, coming in at the duett together, the chorus ending D. C.


JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER. DUETT and CHORUS.

53

Andante. *Brahm.*



1. Since my coun - try, our God, Oh my Sire, De - mands that thy daugh - ter ex -
 2. And of this Oh my fa - ther, be sure, That the blood of thy child is as
 3. Though the vir - gins of Sa - lem la - ment, Be the Judge and the He - ro un -
 4. When this blood of thy giv - ing hath gushed, When the voice that thou lov - est is



pire; Since thy tri - umph was bought by thy vow, Strike the bo - som that's bared to thee now.
 pure As the bless - ing I beg ere it flow, And the last thought that soothes me be - low.
 bent; I have won the great bat - tle for thee, And my fa - ther and coun - try are free.
 hush'd, Let my mem - o - ry still be thy pride, And for - get not I smiled as I died

THE GOOD OLD PLOUGH. FARMER'S SONG.



1. Let them sing who may of the bat - tle fray, And the deeds that have long since past; Let them
But I'd give far more from my heart's full store For the cause of the Good Old Plough, But I'd
2. Oh how loud the song as it comes a - long, From the ploughman's lus - ty throat; Did the
As tho' antlered head at his feet lay dead, In - stead of the Good Old Plough, As tho'
3. All hon - or then to these gray old men, When at last they are bowed with toil; Their
With a laurelled crown to the grave go down, Like these sons of the Good Old Plough, With a



chant in praise of the tar whose days Are spent on the e - cean vast;
give far more from my heart's full store, To the cause of the Good Old Plough.
hunt - er shout ev - er yet give out To the brown woods a mer - rier note?
ant - lered head at his feet lay dead, In - stead of the Good Old Plough.
wel - fare o'er, when they toil no more, For they've conquered the stub-born soil;
laur - elled crown to the grave go down, Like these sons of the Good Old Plough.

Concluded.

55

D. C.



I would ren - der to these all the hon - or you please, I'd hon - or them e - ven now,
 Though he fol - lows no hound, yet his day it is crowned With triumph as good I trow,
 And the chap - let each wears are his sil - ve - ry hairs, And ne'er shall the vic - tor's brow,

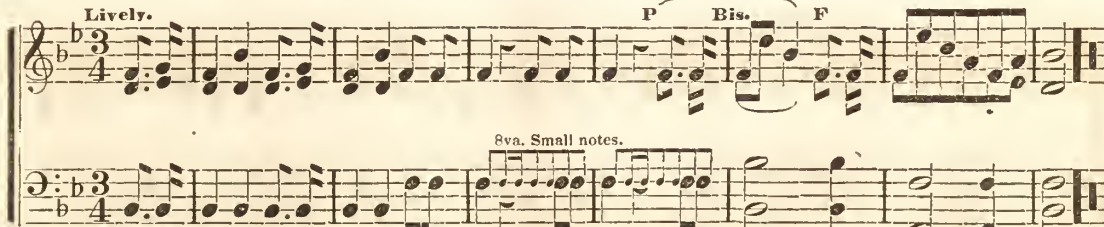
SUMMER CAROL. Chorus.

Lively.

P

Bis.

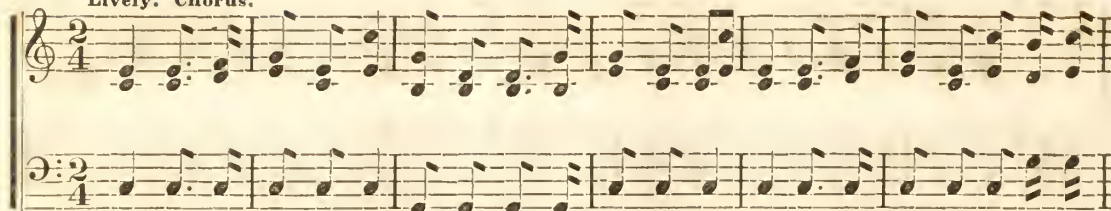
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- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1. Birds are springing, Birds are singing, Let us fly, let us fly. | La la la, | la la la. | |
| 2. Winter's going, Spring is glow-ing, Let us fly, let us fly. | La la la, | la la la. | |
| 3. Like a maiden, Flowers arrayed in, Let us fly, let us fly. | La la la, | la la la. | |
| 4. See the comer Laughs, young summer, Let us fly, let us fly. | La la la, | la la la. | |

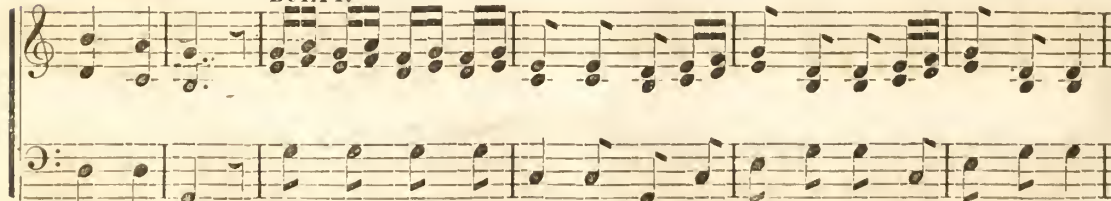
GIPSEY'S CHANT. Chorus and Duett.

Lively. Chorus.



1. Sound, sound the Tambou-rine, Welcome now the gip-sey star; Strike,strike the man-da-line, And the
 2. Sound, sound the Tambou-rine, Welcome now the gip-sey star; Strike,strike the man-da-line, And the
 3. Sound, sound the Tambou-rine, Welcome now the gip-sey star; Strike,strike the man-da-line, And the

DUETT.



light gui-tar. When the moon is beam-ing bright, The gip-sies dance, the gip-sies dance;
 light gui-tar. Dan-cing at the mid-night hour, We on the sands, we on the sands;
 light gui-tar. Gai-ly here we spend the night, We spend the night, we spend the night;

Concluded.

57

Chorus.



'Neath the moon-beam's glitt'ring ray, Now the fig - ures glance; See, see, they trip a - long,
 Though the tem - pest dark may low'r, Are the gip - sey bands; See, see, they trip a - long,
 While the moon's re - flect - ed light, On our gam - bols glows; See, see, they trip a - long,



O'er the green, O'er the green; List, list, the cheerful song, To the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Tambourine.
 O'er the green, O'er the green; List, list, the cheerful song, To the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry Tambourine.
 O'er the green, O'er the green; List, list the cheerful song, To the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry 'Tambourine.

WRECKER'S DAUGHTER QUICK STEP.

Arranged as a Duett and Chorus, for 2 voices.

F
Lively. Chorus. **P. Solo.**

La la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la,

F. Chorus. **P. Solo.** **F. Chorus.**

la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la

Solo. **Duett.** **Chorus.**

la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la.

P. Duett. **F. Chorus.**

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la,

Solo.

tra la la la, tra la la la la la. La la la la la la la la

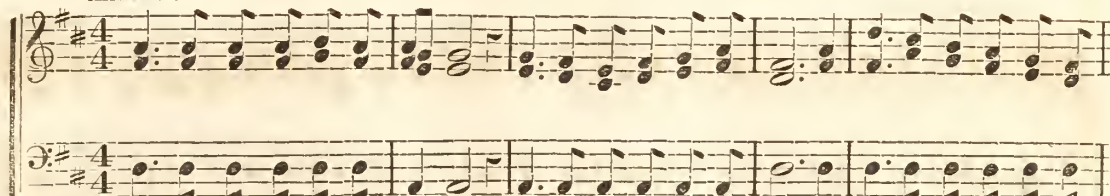
Chorus. FF 1st time. **Chorus. 2d time.** **D. C.**

la la la la la la la la la la. la la la la la la.

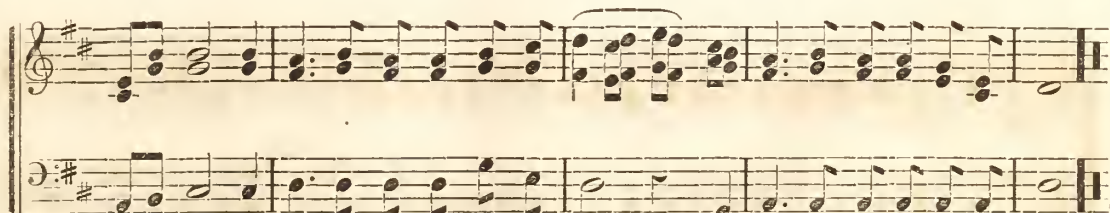
WHY, AH! WHY MY HEART THIS SADNESS. Chorus.

61

Andante.



1. Why, ah! why my heart this sadness? Why, 'mid scenes like these decline? Where all, tho' strange is joy and
2. All that's dear to me is want-ing, Lone and cheerless here I roam; The stranger's joy howe'er en-
3. Give me those, I ask no oth-er, Those that bless the humble dome, Where dwell my father and my

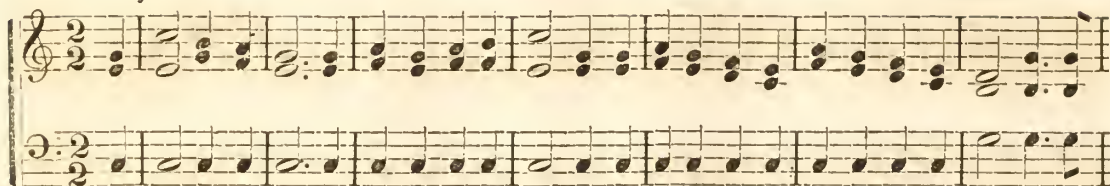


glad-ness, O! say, what wish can yet be thine?
chant-ing, Can nev-er be to me like home,
moth-er, O! give me back my na-tive home,

O! say, what wish can yet be thine?
Can nev-er be to me like home.
O! give me back my na-tive home.

OH COME, COME AWAY. Chorus and Duett.

Lively. Chorus.



1. Oh, come, come away, from la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let bu - sy care a - while forbear, Oh, come, come a -
2. From toil and the cares on which the day is closing, The hour of eve brings sweet reprieve, Oh, come, come a -
3. While sweet Philomel, the wea - ry trav'ler cheering, With evening songs her note prolongs, Oh, come, come a -
4. The bright day is gone, the moon and stars appear - ing, With sil - ver light il - lume the night, Oh, come, come a -

Duett.

Chorus.



way. Come, come our social joys renew, And there where trust and friendship grew, Let true hearts welcome you, O, come, come away.
 way. Oh, come, where love will smile on thee, And round its hearth will gladness be, And time fly merrily, Oh, come, come away.
 way. In an - swer - ing song of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in tuneful har - mony, Of Hope, Joy, Lib - er - ty, Oh, come, come away.
 way. Come, join your prayers with ours, address Kind heaven our peaceful home to bless, With Health, Hope, Happiness, Oh, come, &c.

LAND OF MY BIRTH. Solo and Chorus.

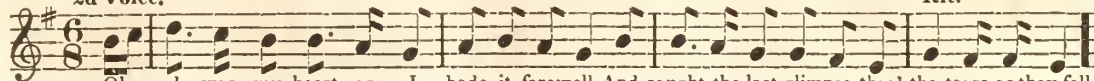
63

1st Voice.



1. Oh, sweet is my dear na-tive val-ley to me, Which in my childhood I left, a poor wand'r'er to be;
2. How oft when in slumber my eye-lids I close, I dream of that val-ley, those mountains and snows,
3. Ah, soon shall I see that sweet val-ley once more, When my trav-els are end-ed, my wand'rings are o'er,

2d Voice.



Oh sad was my heart as I bade it farewell, And caught the last glimpse thro' the tears as they fell.
And think that I hear the wild tor-rent a-bove, Or list to the song from the lips that I love.
Ah! soon shall I dwell in my blest cot-tage home, And leave it no more thro' the wide world to roam.

Chorus.



Long time have I roamed all alone thro' the earth, But ne'er could forget thee, dear land of my birth, But ne'er, &c.
How it soothes me, that song as I roam thro' the earth! Can I ever forget thee, dear land of my birth, Can I ever, &c.
But draw my last breath in that calm spot of earth, My own native valley dear land of my birth, My own, &c.

THERE'S NO HOME LIKE MY OWN. Chorus.

Lively.

1. In the wild cham-ois track, at the break-ing of day, With the hunt-ter's pride, O'er the
 2. I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhine, And there is no spot, Like the

mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn, Tra la la la la la la la la.
 sim-ple cot, And the hill and the val-ley I call my own, Tra la la la la la la la la.

Concluded.

65



{ O that voice to me, Is the voice of glee, Where - ev - er my footsteps roam;
 { And I long to bound When I hear that sound, Again to my na - tive home.
 { There the skies are bright, And our hearts are light, And our bosoms without a fear,
 { For our toil is play, And our sport the fray, With the moun - tain roe or deer.

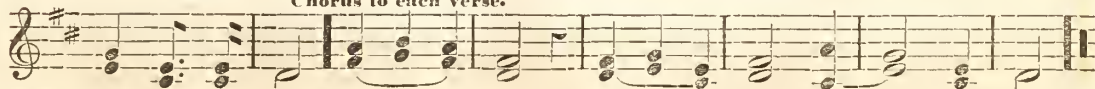
Duett.

FAREWELL SONG. Duett and Chorus.



1. Fare - well to our stud - ies! All la - bor is o'er, Va - ca - tion is com - ing, We
 2. Fare - well to our teachers, Their la - bors of love We grate - ful ac - knowl - edge In
 3. Fare - well dear com - pan - ions, A hap - py fare - well; We bid you good bye, Till we
 4. Fare - well to our kind friends, Who meet here to day, We trust you are pleased With our

Chorus to each verse.

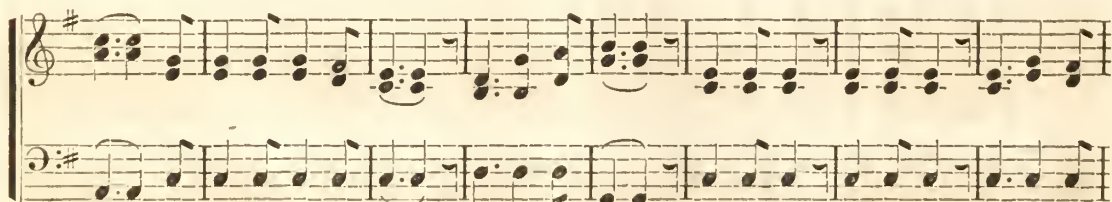


meet here no more. Fare - - well, fare - - well, O fare - well.
 prayers heard a - bove. Fare - - well, fare - - well, O fare - well.
 meet you a - gain. Fare - - well, fare - - well, O fare - well.
 [5] last part - ing day. Fare - - well, fare - - well, O fare - well.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE. Chorus.

Allegretto.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. O - ver the mountain wave, | See where they eome, Storm clouds and wintry winds, Welcome them |
| 2. England hath sun-ny dales, | Dear - ly they bloom, Sco - tia hath heather bells, Sweet their per- |
| 3. Dim grew the for-est path, | On-ward they trod, Firm beat their no - ble hearts, Trusting in |
| 4. Not theirs the glo-ry wreath, | Torn by the blast, Heavenward their ho-ly steps, Heavenward they |



home, Yet where the sounding gale	Howls to the sea; Hark! their song, peals a - long, Deep-toned and
fume, Yet thro' the wil-der - ness,	Cheerful we stray; Na-tive land, na-tive land, Home far a-
God! Grey men and blooming maids,	High rose their song; Hear it weep, Clear and deep, Ev - er a
past, Green be their mos-sy graves!	Ours be their fame; While their song, peals a-long, Ev - er the

Concluded.

67



free; Pilgrims and wand'ers, Hither we come, Where the free dare to be, This is our home.
 way! Pilgrims and wand'ers, Hither we come, Where the free dare to be, This is our home.
 long; Pilgrims and wand'ers, Hither we come, Where the free dare to be, This is our home.
 same; Pilgrims and wand'ers, Hither we come, Where the free dare to be, This is our home.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

Lively.



1. Come, come, come, The spring time now is here ; Come out among the flowers, And make some pretty bowers ; Come, come, come, The spring-
 [time now is here.]
2. Come, come, come, The summer now is here ; Come out among the roses, The violets and posies ; Come, come, come, The summer now is here.
3. Come, come, come, The autumn now is here ; Come ramble in the bushes, And hear the merry thrushes ; Come, come, come, The autumn now is here.

SWEET SPRING IS RETURNING. Solo, Duett and Chorus.

Solo. P **F Duett.**

1. Sweet spring is re - turn-ing, she breathes o'er the plain, And meadows are blooming in beauty a-gain, And
2. Full glad - ly I greet thee, thou love-li - est guest! Ah! long have we waited by thee to be blest! Stern
3. And then, O thou kind one, thou eam-est so mild, And mountain and meadow and riv - u - let smiled; The
4. Now welcome thou loved one, a - gain and a - gain, And bring us full many bright days in thy train; And

Fine.

fair is the flow - er, and green is the grove; And soft is the show - er that falls from a - bove.
 win - ter throws o'er us his heav - y cold chain, We long to be breathing in free - dom a - gain.
 voice of thy mu - sic was heard in the grove, The calm of thy breez-es in - vit - ed to rove.
 bid the soft sum - mer not ling - er so long, E'en now we are wait - ing to greet him in song.

Concluded.

69

Chorus. **D. C. all in Chorus.**

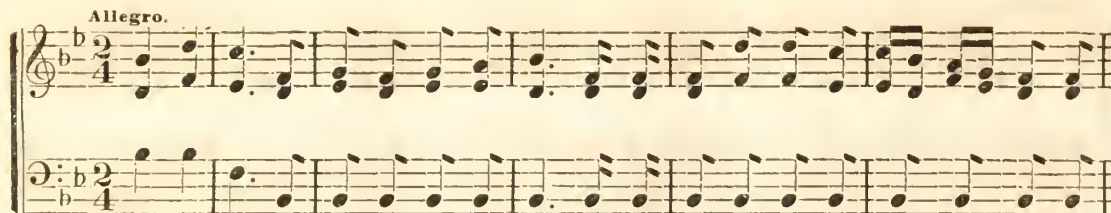
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Sadly. Chorus. **DUETT.** **D. C. Chorus.**

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming a-lone ; }
 All her love-ly com-panions Are fid-ed and gone ; } No flower of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh,
 To re-flect back her blushes. Or give sigh for sigh.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the stem ; }
 Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them ; } Thus kind-ly I scat-ter thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden lie scent-less and dead.
3. So soon may I fol-low, Where friendships decay ; }
 And from love's shining cir-cle The leaves drop a-way ; } Where true hearts lie withered, And fond ones are flown
 Oh, who would in-hab - it This bleak world alone.

HAIL! ALL HAIL! Chorus.



1. Hail! all hail! thou mer-ry month of May! We will has-ten to the woods a-way, And
2. Hark! hark! hark! To hail the month of May, How the songsters war-ble on each spray! And
3. Hail! all hail! thou mer-ry month of May, We will wel-come thee with mer-ry lay, And

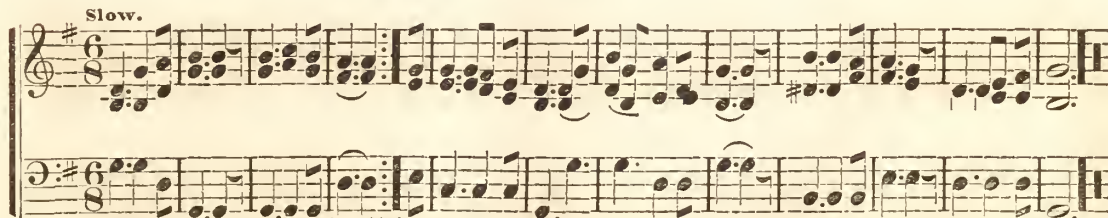


scent the flowers so sweet and gay, Then a-way! to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry
 we will be as blithe as They, Then a-way! to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry
 sing to thee the live-long day, Then a-way! to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, The mer-ry



May, Then a-way, to hail the mer - ry month of May, Then away, then away, to hail the month of May.
 May, Then a-way, to hail the mer - ry month of May, Then away, then away, to hail the month of May.
 May, Then a-way, to hail the mer - ry month of May, Then away, then away, to hail the month of May.

SUMMER IS BREATHING. Chorus.



1. Summer is breathing, Sweets on the gale, }
 Roses are blooming, Fresh in our vale ; } The sunbeams are playing, O'er the blue sea, Bright as the glances, Thine eye gave me.
 2. Yet I must leave thee, Weeping alone, }
 More to watch o'er thee, When I am gone; } And long e'er to-morrow, Away shall I be, Friendless, forsaken, Far, love, from thee.

O'ER THE WATERS GLIDING. Chorus.

Andante. **Fine.**

1. O'er the wa-ters glid - ing, Our barque pursues her way, And onward no-bly rid - ing, Beneath the twilight ray ;
 2. Summer's breath is blow-ing, Up-on the snow-white sail, The tide is sweetly flow-ing, On towards our native vale.
 3. When the day is wak - ing, A-long the smiling main; We'll see the sunlight breaking, A - bove our homes again,

Duett. **D. C.**

The stars will soon shine o'er us; And cast their gentle light, Up-on the waves be - fore us, To guide us thro' the night.
 The stars will soon shine o'er us; And cast their gentle light, Up-on the waves be - fore us, To guide us thro' the night.
 The summer's breath is blow - ing, Upon our snow-white sail, The tide is sweet-ly flow - ing, On towards our native vale

WITHIN THIS SHADY VALLEY. Chorus and Duett.

73

Lively. Chorus.

Music from the German.



1. With - in this sha-dy val-ley, Where ear-ly vio-lets grow, Where late the sunbeams tar - ry, And
2. Where bright the brooklet bubbles, Where sips the lit - tle bird, Where o - ver sand and peb - bles, The
3. With - in this pret-ty bow-er, Where man-y songsters sing; Where at the moonlight hour, So
4. All is with beauty beaming, The vale, the brook, the grove; The hill in sun-light gleam-ing, The

Fine. Duett.

D. C.



sweetest ros - es glow; Here do we bloom like flowrets fair, And quaff like them the morning air.
 murmuring stream is heard! Do we too seek thro' moss and sand, To quench our thirst with eager hand.
 sweet their car - ols ring; Do we with them our hearts u-nite, And sing our hymns of praise by night.
 deep blue sky we love; For all by our fond Father's hand, Were placed within our pleasant land.

SONG O'ER A CHILD. Chorus and Duett.

Andante. *Duett.*

1. Dream, baby dream! The stars are flow - ing! Hear'st thou the stream, 'Tis soft - ly flow - ing. All
 2. Sleep, ba-by, sleep, Till dawn to - mor - row! Why wouldst thou weep? Who knowst not sor - row. Too
 3. Dream, ba-by, dream! Thine eye-lids quiv - er; Know'st thou the theme, Of yon soft riv - er? It

Chorus.

gen-tle glide the hours, A-bove, no tempest lowers; Below, are fragrant flowers, In si - lence grow-ing.
 soon come pain and fears; Too soon a cause for tears; So from the future years, No sad - ness bor - row.
 saith "be calm, be sure, Un - fail-ing, gent-tle, pure! So shall thy life en-dure, Like mine, for - ev - er."

THE STARS ARE FADING. Morning Song.

75

Solo.

Chorus.

1. The stars are fad-ing from the sky, The mists be-fore the morning fly; }
The east is glowing with a smile, And na-ture laughing all the while; } Says, "clear the way! the
2. The cock has crowed with all his might, The birds are singing with delight, }
The hum of business meets the ear, And face to face with kind-ly cheer, } Says, "clear the way! the
3. The bell is ring-ing, haste a-way! The school is o-pen, leave off play; }
The sun of knowledge there we find, A-ris-ing on the youthful mind. } So clear the way! the

world is waking, Clear the way! the way! the world is waking, Clear the way! the world is waking, Night is gone, and day is breaking.
world is waking, Clear the way! the way! the world is waking, Clear the way! the world is waking, Night is gone, and day is breaking.
world is waking, Clear the way! the way! the world is waking, Clear the way! the world is waking, Night is gone, and day is breaking.

IT IS THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY. Chorus.

Lively.



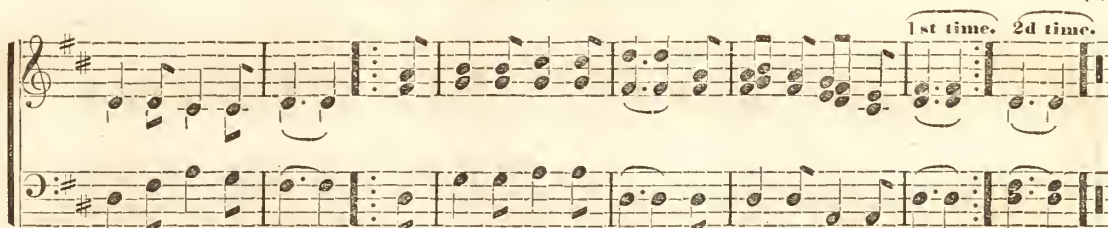
1. It is the mer - ry month, the mer - ry month of May, That laughs, that laughs our
 2. She comes, she comes, she comes in robes of red and green, So gay, so gay with
 3. Then drive all win - try cares, all win - try cares a - way, And sing and laugh, and



win-try cares a - way. Oh! the mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our wintry cares away, our
 diamonds, gems, between. Oh! the mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our wintry cares away, our
 laugh like mer-ry May. Oh! the mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our wintry cares away, our

Concluded.

77



win-try cares a - way. The mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our cares a - way. way.
 win-try cares a - way. The mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our cares a - way. way.
 win-try cares a - way. The mer-ry, mer-ry May, That laughs our cares a - way. way.

THE VIOLET. Duett.

Allegretto.



1. Why better than the la-dy rose Love I this little flower? Because its fragrant leaves are those, I loved in childhood's hour.
2. I gathered two or three, they seemed Such rich gifts to bestow; So precious in my sight, I deemed That all must think them so.
3. Ah! who is there but would be fain To be a child once more; If future years could bring again, All that they bro't before.
4. Let nature spread her loveliest. By spring or summer nurs't; Yet still I love the violet best, Because I loved it first.

THE HUNGRY FOX. Chorus.

Lively.


B. F. Baker.

1. A hun - gry fox in pass - ing by, Fa la la la la la la la la la la ;
 2. The fox he tried, and tried in vain, Fa la la la la la la la la la la ;

Saw some ripe grapes that hung on high, Fa la la la la la la ; And as they hung, appeared to say, In
 The tempting mouthful to obtain, Fa la la la la la la ; He licked his chops for near an hour, But

Concluded.

79

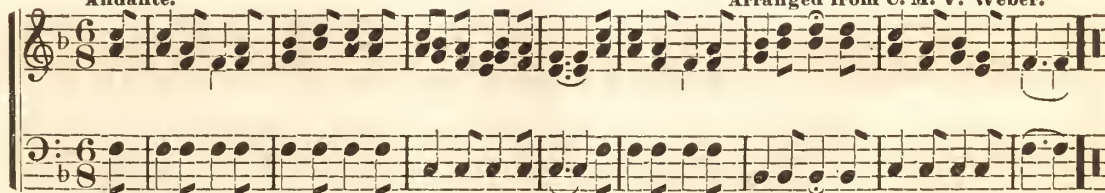


their in - vit-ing, qui - et way, If you can eat us, sir, you may, Fa la la la la la la.
find-ing them beyond his power, He went, and vowed the grapes were sour, Fa la la la la la la.

THE MEETING OF THE SPIRITS.

Andante.

Arranged from C. M. V. Weber.



1. She float ed on a sil-very cloud, And to the earth drew near, Still bending down her angel glance, On what was once most dear.
2. She hover'd round her pleasant home, In blooming spring-tide gay, But faded were the flowers she reared, And mute her harp-strings lay.
3. There, sickening on his lonely couch, Was stretch'd her bosom's friend, And stranger forms were bending low, His helplessness to tend.
4. And deep within his se-cret soul, Her spir - it eye she turn'd, And saw the shafts that in each vein With restless anguish burned—
5. And then, before His glorious throne, Who ruleth earth and sky, Sigh'd forth, like trembling music's tone, "Oh Father! let me die!"
6. A corpse lay on its pillow white, And grief was moaning low, But the glad meeting, in the heavens, Might none but seraphs know.

THE FIREMAN'S SONG. Chorus.



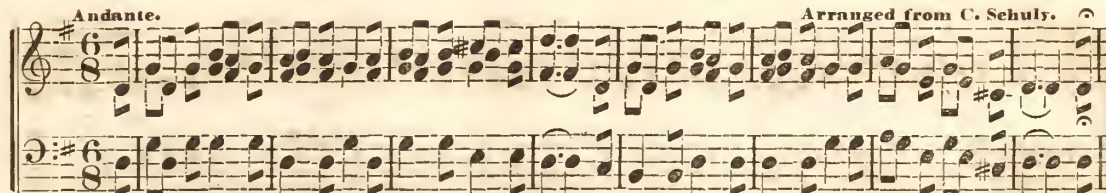
1. When the cry of fire resoundeth, Thro' the air it moves along, Then the fireman's voice respondeth To the echo loud and
 While his eyes are straining, seeking, Where the flames are fast confined, Soon he hears the roaring, cracking; With his forces soon com-
 3. While to-gether here as-sem-bled, Where no fire is raging near, May it ever be remembered, While we live from year to
 4. On this day a-bove all others, We should feel a patriot's pride, Nor forget the band of brothers, Who for liberty have
 5. Some who from among our number Have of late gone down to rest; Hard it is for us to sever bonds that bind us true and



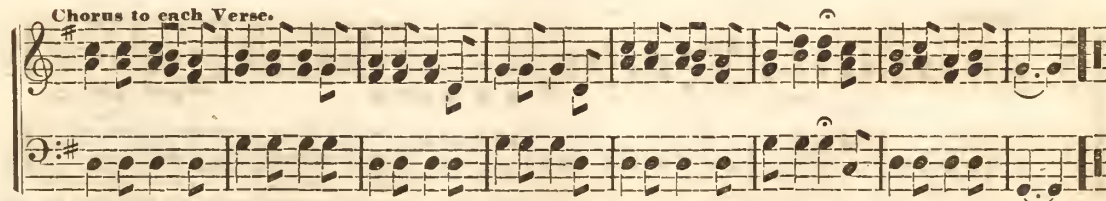
strong; He it is, who always ready Springs to face the driving storm. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 bined, Pours a stream which never closeth While there's danger lurking round. la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 year, Should it prove to us a blessing, Every cloud will disappear. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 died, Their example let us cherish, And like them, stand side by side. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.
 fast. But from one eternal fountain May we all draw peace at last. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la.

OH! THEN I WAS A HAPPY CHILD.

81



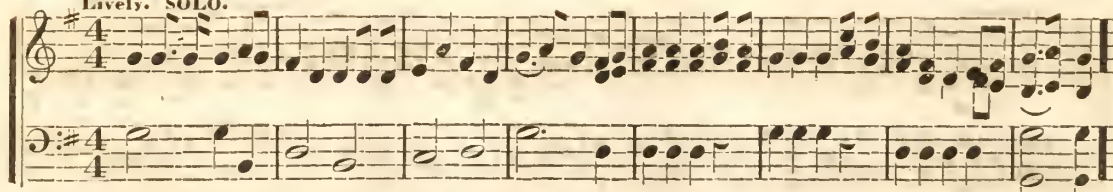
1. The days are gone when I could roll My hoop along the street, And with a laughing jest or word, Each idle passer greet. Oh,
2. I used to whistle as I went, Play marbles in the square, And fly my kite and play my top, My coat and trowsers tear. Oh,
3. Oh! happy, earlier years, when love Was on the lip and eye, And lily hands waved after me, And glances said "good bye." Oh,
4. When there was music in my heart, And life had yet no plan; Oh! then I was a happy child, But now I am a man. Oh,



I was then a	happy child, A	happy child, a	happy child, Oh,	I was then a	happy child, But now I am a	man.
I was then a	happy child, A	happy child, a	happy child, Oh,	I was then a	happy child, But now I am a	man.
I was then a	happy child, A	happy child, a	happy child, Oh,	I was then a	happy child, But now I am a	man.
I was then a	happy child, A	happy child, a	happy child, Oh,	I was then a	happy child, But now I am a	man.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Lively. SOLO.



1. Sparkling and bright, with silvery light Doth the spray our pathway beam in ; As forth we go, In the moonlight glow, Which a fairy chose to
(dream in.
2. Stars full of light are glowing bright, And deck the heavens above us, While soft they shine from the limpid brine, And the strain they chant
(is—love us.
3. O ! If her smile and winning wile, Would to our tasks endear us, Though life were long, we'd toil in song, A mother's love cheer us.

Chorus.

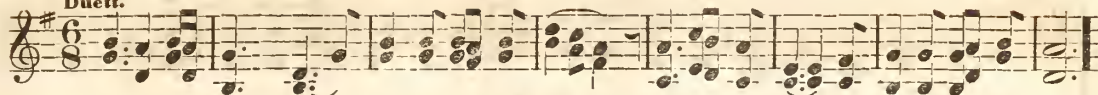


- Then pull away, and thro' the spray, With flash as swiftly fleeting, As sparkles that gleam in the mountain stream, And melts when the sun-
(light meeting.
- Then pull away, and thro' the spray, With flash as swiftly fleeting, As sparkles that gleam in the mountain stream, And melts when the sun-
(light meeting.
- Then pull away, and thro' the spray, With flash as swiftly fleeting, As sparkles that gleam in the mountain stream, And melts when the sun-
(light meeting

MY NATIVE LAND. Duett and Chorus.

83

Duett.



1. Flowers with fra - grance fill the balmy air, As night de-scends in si-lence to re - pose;
2. Come, then, rejoice, my dear com-pan-ions, come; 'Neath evening skies till morn is bright a-bove,
3. The moonlight glan - cing thro' the tuft-ed leaves, Assures me that my love will soon re-turn;



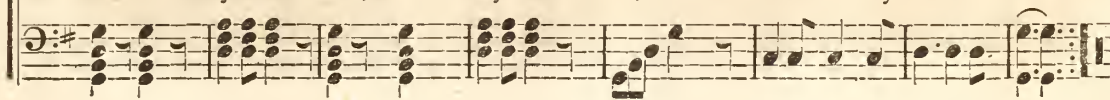
The lake is still, The sky is bright and clear, And now the day in glo-ry seems to close.
 Lest the sweet ech - oes of the mountain hind Re-turn those notes of tenderness and love.
 His voice so sweet is on the welcome breeze; I hear it now re - peat - ing in its turn.

My na - tive land, My na-tive land,

Chorus.



My na-tive land, My na-tive land, Dear to me thou art my own native land.



COME HOME—THANKSGIVING. Duett and Chorus.

Lively. Duett.

Words written expressly for this work, by C. W.



1. Come home, come home, the year - ly feast, year-ly feast, A - waits the wanderer ab - sent long, A -
2. And we will play as once we played, once we played, When ye as well as we were young, When
3. Oh, tell us of the bu - sy world, bu - sy world, We know it not in this still glen, Does
4. Come brothers, sis - ters, quick - ly come, quickly come, Of all the ban - quet of the year, This

Chorus.



wak - en love, re - ech - o song; We will be a household blest, Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur -
 laugh and shout like mu - sic ring, Thro' our homes, dear sa - cred shade, Hur-rah, hur - rah, hur -
 rank and gold bring bliss to men? Is each heart with peace imperaled? Hur-rah, hur - rah, hur -
 one ye must not fail to cheer, Of your first, your childhood's home, Hur-rah, hur - rah, hur

Concluded.

85

rah, hur - rah. Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM BOUNDETH. Chorus.

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-----|-------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| 1 Merri - ly eve - ry bo - som boundeth, Merri - ly | oh! | mer - ri - ly oh! | } Where the parent's smile hath more brightness, |
| Where the song of home re - boundeth, Merri - ly | oh! | mer - ri - ly oh! | |
| Eve - ry joy the home sur - roundeth, Merri - ly | oh! | mer - ri - ly oh! | } There the youthful heart liath more lightness, |
| 2. Weari - ly eve - ry bo - som pin - eth Weari - ly | oh! | wea - ri - ly oh! | |
| Where the sad remembrance twineth, Weari - ly | oh! | wea - ri - ly oh! | } There the parent's smile yields to sadness, |
| Eve ry flower of life de - clin - eth, Wear - ly | oh! | war - ri - ly oh! | |
| 3. Cheeri - ly then a - wake the cho - rus! Cheeri - ly | oh! | cheeri - ly oh! | } Now the parent's smile beams the clearest, |
| Our dear home will peace restore us, Cheer - ly | oh! | cheeri - ly oh! | |
| Eve - ry joy is now be - fore us, Cheer - ly | oh! | cheeri - ly oh! | } Now the parent's hopes are the dear est, |

WILL YOU COME TO THE SPRING.*

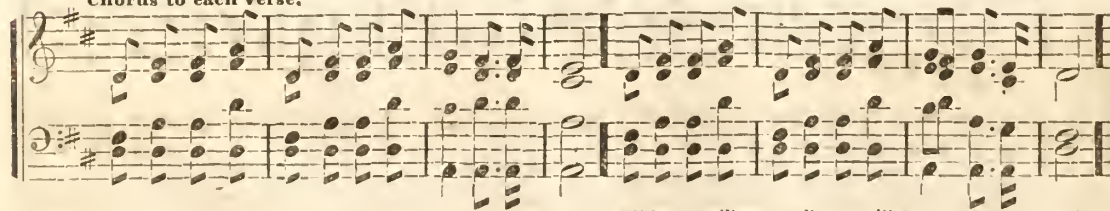
FOR COLD WATER CELEBRATIONS, AND TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Lively. DUETT.



1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweetly, the sunset is bright?
2. Then the cup runneth o'er with the pur-est of drinks, And as sweet as the flowers that bend from the brinks;
3. Let it flow, lovely stream, while it gent-ly im-parts, Both the fair glow of beauty and peace to the heart;
4. When the gay flowers droop in the noon summer's heat, Or the bright dew de-scend-ing restores ev'ry sweet;
5. With new blessings of life, it for - ev - er o'er-flows, It re - fresh-es all na-ture wherev-er it goes;

Chorus to each verse.



Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?
 Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring? Will you, will you, will you, will you come to the spring?

* From "David's Harp," by permission.

COME, COME, COME. Commencement Chorus.

87

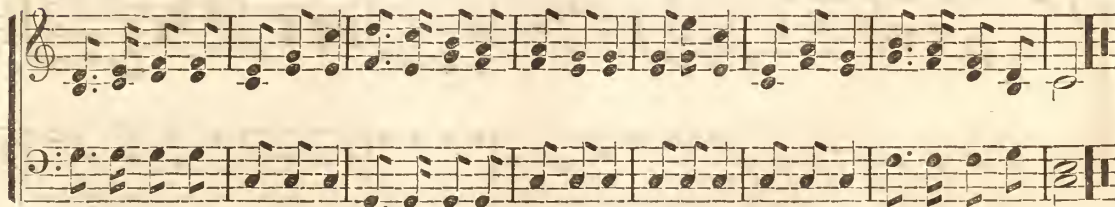
German.

Lively.

Written expressly for this work, by C. W.



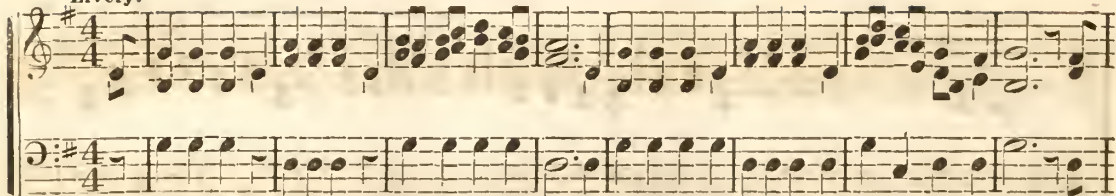
1. Come, come, come, Come from toil, come from play, Sorrow leave and joy to-day, Stately hall, lowly cot, Circling sweetly here.
2. Come, come, come, Youth with man stays not long, Passing by like fairy song, Seize the hours ere they fly, Never to return.
3. Here and there Man will go, man will go, Seeking happiness below. Dreaming not purer bliss, Dwells in wisdom's sound.



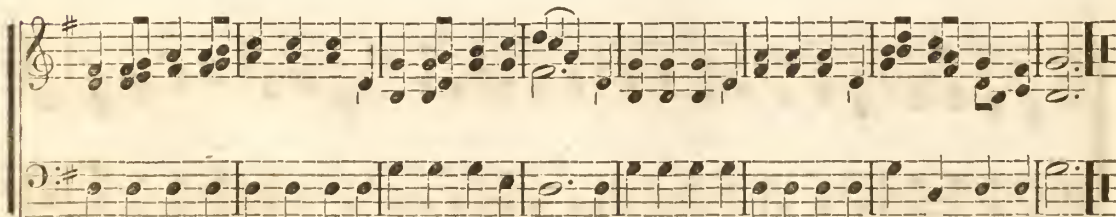
Sciences' charms, are spread to eye, Hung her laurels fair and high, Sparkling gems, flowers rare. All may win and wear.
 Would ye shine like stars on earth, Tho' of high as low - ly birth, Wealth hath wings, seek it not, Early wis - dom learn.
 Ob! the mind's a diamond bright, Fol - ly hides it from the light, Wash the dross in the fount, That may here be found.

THE MILK-WHITE BLOSSOMS.

Lively.



1. The milk-white blossoms of the thorn, Are waving o'er the pool, Moved by the wind that breathes along, so sweetly and so cool. The
2. Where'er the green-winged linnet sings, The primrose bloometh lone; And love it wins, deep love, from all Who gaze its sweetness on. On
3. The stars are sweet at e-ventide, But cold, and far a - way; The clouds are soft in summer time, But all un-sta-ble they: The
4. I love the fireside of my home, Because all sym-pa - thies, The feelings fond of eve-ry day, A-round its cir - cle rise; And



hawthorn clust-ers bloom a - bove, The primrose hides he - low, And on the lone-ly pass-er - by, A mod-est glance doth throw.
 field-paths narrow, and in woods We meet thee near and far, Till thou becomest prized and loved, As things fa - mil - lar are!
 rose is rich—but pride of place is far too high for me—God's simple, common things I love, My primrose, such as thee.
 while ad - mir - ing all the flowers, That summer suns can give, With-in my heart the primrose sweet, In lowly love doth live

FAIR SCIENCE BRIGHT. Chorus and Duett.

89

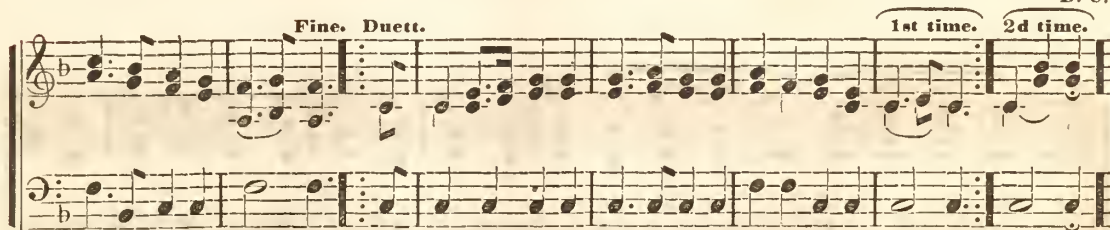
Lively.



1. Fair sci-ence bright, from realms of light, We yield thee homage ever; We're gathered here, a band sincere, To
2. We've joined to raise for ardent gaze, The veil that hides thy glo-ry; And joyous pore o'er ancient lore, And
3. And now we'll bear thy mandates fair, To youth that cluster round us; And ever raise glad notes of praise For

Fine. Duett.

D. C.



ask thy smiles for-ev - er.	Oh! haste the day when thy blest sway, To this wide earth is given,	} heaven.
	And light shall shine around thy shrine, Like beams from smiling	
famed he-ro - ic sto - ry.	We've sought to trace, thro' endless space, The path of worlds, bright gleaming;	} beam-ing.
	And hand in hand, thy pages scanned, While heavenly truth is	
blessings that sur-round us.	Oh! haste the day, when thy blest sway To this wide earth is given;	} heaven.
	And light shall shine around thy shrine, Like beams from smiling	

GOOD NIGHT. Finale.

Musical score for 'GOOD NIGHT. Finale.' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff is for the 1st voice, and the second staff is for the 2nd voice. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final cadence. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

1. Long-er would we glad-ly sing, Of the gushing crys-tal spring; O let us stay, No, no, no, we must away,
 2. Noth-ing gives us more de-light, But 'tis late and so "good night;" O let us stay, No, no, no, we must away,

Musical score for 'GOOD NIGHT. Finale.' in B-flat major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff is for the 1st voice, and the second staff is for the 2nd voice. The music features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final cadence. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4.

O let us stay, We must a-way, Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.
 O let us stay, We must a-way, Good night, good night, good night, good night, good night.

INVITATION TO SINGING SCHOOL. Chorus.

91

Lively.

Words written expressly for this work.

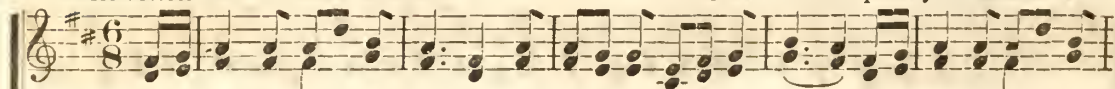
1. Come, young friends, come one, come all, Come within this spa-cious hall, Come and sing a roun-de-lay, Hearts so light and gay.
2. Come for pleasure, come for health, Come for love or come for wealth, Come and learn to sing the scale, Come, and music hail.
3. Joys we here shall feel and know, Ere from hence a-way we go, Are more valued, more di-vine, Than the gold-en mine.

Come, and let the voice ring out, Thro' the hall and round about ; Come, and at this happy hour, Let not sad-ness lower.
Sing now low, and sing now high, Sing and ri-val birds that fly, Sing, O sing, with sweetest tone, Ere you part for home.
To our Ma-ker let us bow, And up-on his foot-stool low, Shout and sing his goodness long, In our grate-ful song.

COME, TELL ME YOUTHFUL MAIDENS. Vacation Song.

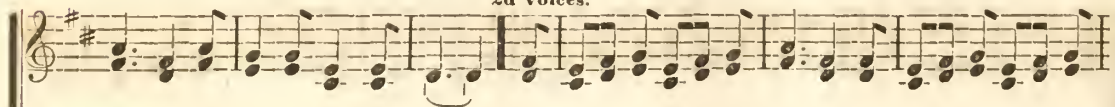
1st voices.

Words written expressly for this work.



1. Come, tell me youth-ful maid-ens, And lad-dies whith-er bound, With eyes so bright-ly
 2. But if ye leave thus ear-ly, Your books and teachers too, Oh! will ye not lack

2d voices.

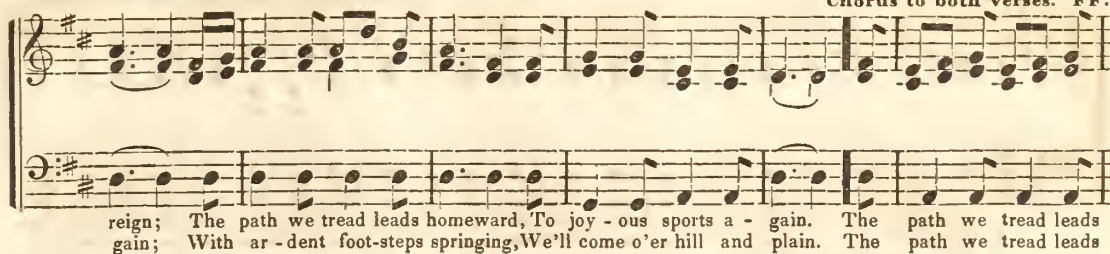


sparkling, And voice of mer-ry sound. We've left the mys-tic por-tals, Where sci-ence holds her
 wis-dom, When life's no long-er new! No, when the pear-ly fountain, Of love shall gush a-

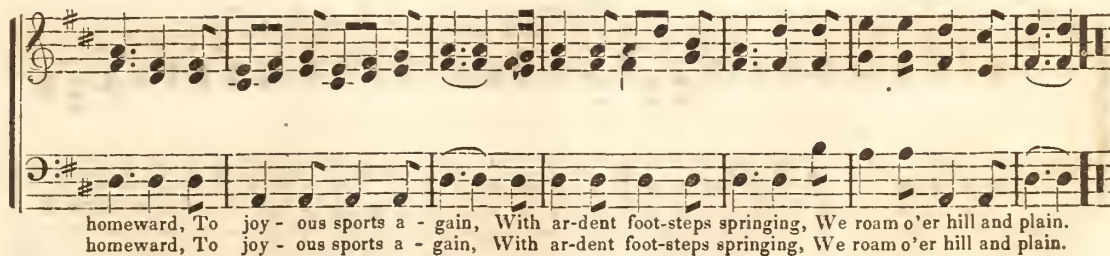
Concluded.

93

Chorus to both verses. FF.



reign; The path we tread leads homeward, To joy - ous sports a - gain. The path we tread leads
gain; With ar - dent foot-steps springing, We'll come o'er hill and plain. The path we tread leads

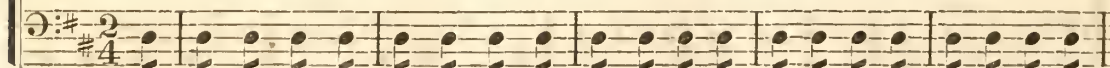
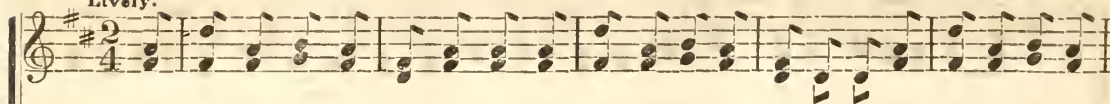


homeward, To joy - ous sports a - gain, With ar - dent foot-steps springing, We roam o'er hill and plain.
homeward, To joy - ous sports a - gain, With ar - dent foot-steps springing, We roam o'er hill and plain.

AWAKE, ARISE. Morning Song and Chorus.

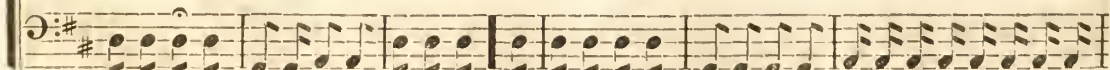
Words written expressly for this work.

Lively.

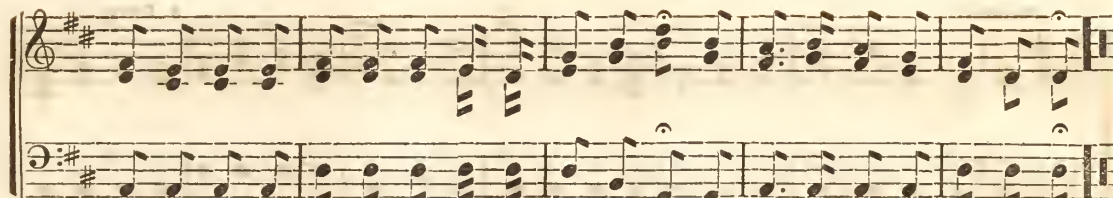


1. A - wake, a - rise, the day has dawned, And Sol is dart-ing forth his rays, The dew is spark-ling
 2. The birds are sing-ing all a - round, While dis-tant ech - o sweet prolongs The low of herds in
 3. The squir-rel leaps from tree to tree, And gath-ers nuts in ec - sta-cy; In gam-bols light the

Chorus.



o'er the lawn, Whilst merry birds carol their lays. Then come ye girls, then come ye boys, And merry, merry, merry, merry
 valleys found, Or browsing on the hill-tops round. Then come ye girls, then come ye boys, And merry, merry, merry, merry
 rabbit hies; To shady nook where hawk ne'er flies. Then come ye girls, then come ye boys, And merry, merry, merry, merry



spend the morn; In youth-ful play and in vir-tuous joys, We'll spend va-ca-tion's ear - ly dawn.
 spend the morn; In youth-ful play and in vir-tuous joys, We'll spend va-ca-tion's ear - ly dawn.
 spend the morn; In youth-ful play and in vir-tuous joys, We'll spend va-ca-tion's ear - ly dawn.

COME TO THE MOUNTAIN.*

1

Come to the mountain, there's freedom and health,
 Unknown 'mid the dwellings of splendor and wealth;
 There's joy on the hills when the merry winds blow,
 That ne'er can be found in the valleys below.

2

Come to the mountain, the first blush of day,
 Shall lead us afar from the valleys away;
 With bugle and spear o'er the mountain we'll climb,
 Where man walks with nature in grandeur sublime.

3

There life, light, and liberty, e'er may be found,
 The spirit of freedom seems hov'ring around,
 There the chamois are bounding in innocent glee,
 Oh! there's joy on the mountain, then come there with me.

4

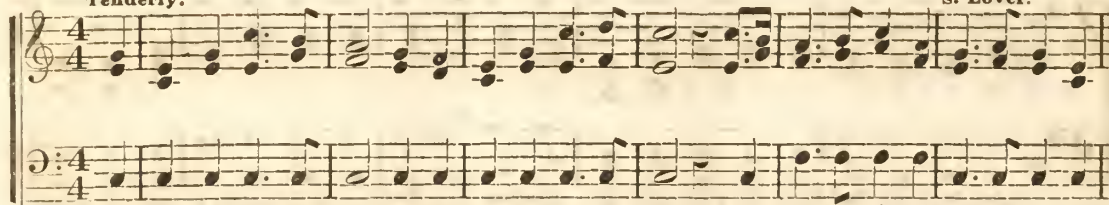
Oh! leave ye the bright halls of music and song,
 For brief are the raptures that to them belong;
 On the hills of our fathers; the hills of the free,
 Is the home of the hunter, then come there with me.

* For music to these words. see page 68.

MY MOTHER DEAR. Song.

Tenderly.

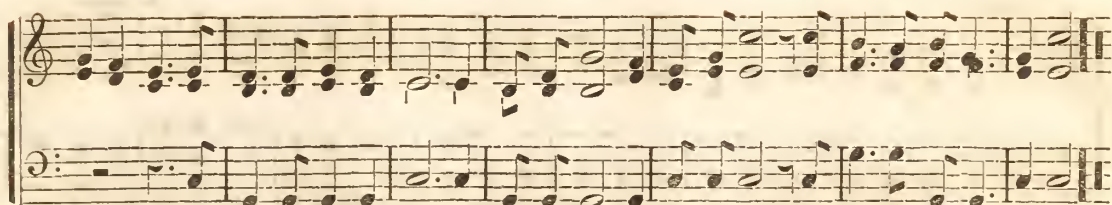
S. Lover.



1. There was a place in childhood that I re-mem-ber well, And there, a voice of sweetest tone, bright
 2. When fai-ry tales were end-ed, "good night," she softly said, And kiss'd and laid me down to sleep with-
 3. In the sickness of my childhood, the per-ils of my prime, The sorrows of my rip-er years, the



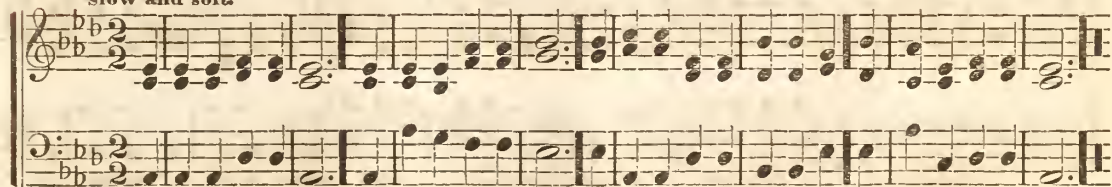
fai-ry tales did tell, And gen-tle words and fond embrace were given with joy to me, When I was in that
 in my ti-ny bed, And ho-ly words she taught me there, methinks I yet can see Her an-gel eyes, as
 cares of eve-ry time, When doubt or danger weigh'd me down, then pleading all for me, It was a fer-vent



happy place, Up - on' my mother's knee. My mother dear! my mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother!
 close I knelt be-side my mother's knee. Oh mother dear! Oh mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother!
 prayer to heaven that bent my mother's knee. My mother dear! my mother dear! My gen-tle, gen-tle mother!

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. S. M.

Slow and soft.



1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd, and my guide, I bid farewell to eve-ry fear, My wants are all supplied
2. To ev-er fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.
3. Dear Shepherd, if I stray, My wandering feet restore; And guard me with thy watchful eye And let me rove no more.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER. Song or Duett.

Slow.

S. Lover.



1. A ba-by was sleeping, Its moth-er was weeping, For her hus-band was far on the wild rag-ing
 2. Her beads while she numbered, The ba-by still slumbered, And smiled in her face as she bend-ed her
 3. And while they are keep-ing Bright watch o'er thy sleeping, Oh, pray to them soft-ly, my ba-by, with
 4. The dawn of the morn-ing Saw Der-mont re-turn-ing, And the wife wept with joy her babe's fath-er to



sea, And the tempest was swelling Round the fisherman's dwelling, And she cried "Dermont, darling, oh, come back to me."
 knee, "Oh, bless'd be that warning, My child, thy sleep adorning, For I know that the an-gels are whispering to thee."
 me, And say thou would'st rather They'd watch o'er thy father, For I know that the An-gels are whispering with thee.
 see, And close-ly caressing, Her child with a blessing, Said "I knew that the An-gels were whispering to thee."

BRING ME FORTH! Chorus.

99

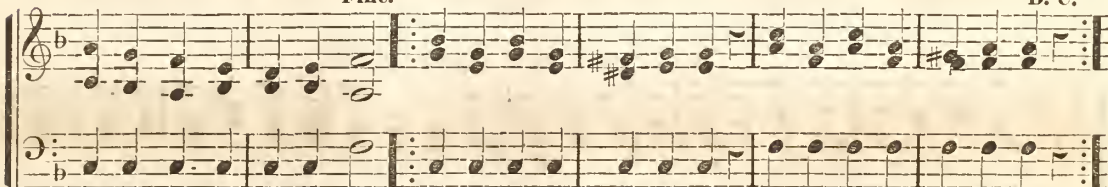
Lively.



1. Bring me forth the cup of gold, Chased by Dru-ids' hands of old, Filled from yonder fountain's breast,
2. Bring me forth the hum-bler horn, Filled by hunter's hand at morn, From the crys-tal rill that flows,
3. Take a - way the o-dious draught, By the Bac-cha - na-lian quaffed; Take a-way the li - quid death,
4. Dip the buck-et in the well, Where the trout de-lights to dwell, Where the sparkling wa-ter sings,

Fine.

D. C.



Where the wa-ters are at rest. This for me in joy-ous hour, This for me in beauty's bower, }
 This for me in manhood's prime, This for me in life's de-cline. }
 Un-der-neath the blooming rose, Where the vio-let loves to sip, Where the lil - y cools her lip; }
 Bring me this, and I will say, Take the ru - by wine a-way. }
 Serpents nes-tle in its breath; Ter-ror rides up - on its flood, Vice surrounds its brim with blood: }
 Sor-row in its bo-som stings, Sorrow buoyed on pleasure's wings. }
 As it bubbles from the springs; Where the breezes whisper sweet, Where the hap-py children meet: }
 Draw and let thy draught be mine: Take a - way the ru - by wine. }

OH! SPARE THAT DOVE.



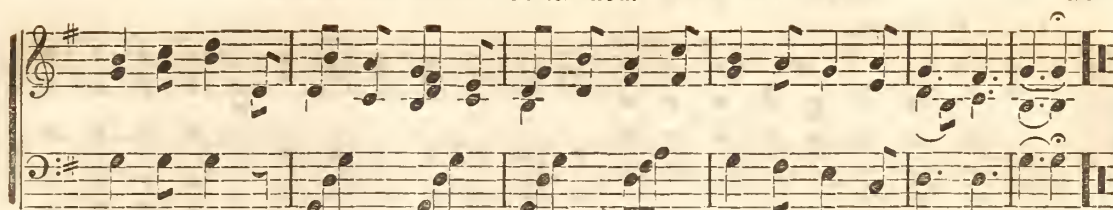
1. Oh! spare that dove! it harmed not thee; Its gen - tle spir - it knows no harm, Her nest is built on
2. Oh! spare that Dove! the cru - el deed—To see that mild ex - pir-ing eye—I can - not bear to
3. Oh! spare that Dove! the man of peace, To him consigned the saered charge To find for him a
4. Then spare that Dove! in mer - cy spare—No an - gry passions rend her breast, She asks to live, to



yonder tree, Oh! who could make its inmates mourn, Her mate sits on the branch above, To guard his nestlings
 see her bleed, To see her shud-der and to die. Oh let her live, to love resigned, Her blameless life from
 resting place—Then flung her from the ho - ly barge With noiseless pinions to the shore Of Ar - a-rat she
 love and share, With him she loves her peaceful rest; I would not harm that helpless Dove, For all that pride and

Concluded.

101



from a-larm, And booms his mel-low note of love Im - pa - tient for her safe re - turn.
 guilt is free, She was by Na-ture's God de-signed An em-blem of di - vin - i - ty.
 swift - ly prest, The ol - ive branch Then joy - ous bore, And gave the man the pledge of rest.
 pomp con-fer, To man she bore the bread of love, Let man-kind bear the branch to her.

HYMN FOR THE MORNING. L. M.

Not too Fast.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1 In pleasant lands have fallen the lines That bound our goodly heritage; And safe beneath our sheltering vines, Our youth is blessed,
 [and soothed our age.
 2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due, That thou didst plant our fathers here, And watch and guard them as they grew, A vine-
 [yard to the Planter dear!
 3 The toils they bore our ease have wrought; They sowed in tears,—in joy we reap; The birthright they so dearly bought, We'll
 [guard till we with them shall sleep.
 4 The kindness to our fathers shown, In weal and woe, through all the past, Their grateful sons, O God shall own, While here their
 [name and race shall last.

SONG OF THE WORLD. Chorus and Duett.

Lively. CHORUS.

1. This world is not-so bad a world, As some would like to make it; Tho' wheth-er good or
2. This world in truth's as good a world, As e'er was known to an - y Who have not seen an-
3. This world is quite a pleas-ant world, In rain or pleas-ant weather; If peo-ple would but
4. Then were this world a pleasant world, And pleas-ant folks were in it, The day would pass most

Fine. DUETT.

wheth-er bad, De - pends on how we take it, For if we scold and fret all day, From
oth - er yet, And there are ver - y man - y; And if the men and wo-men, too, Have
learn to live In har - mo - ny to - geth - er; And cease to burst the kind-ling bond, By
pleas-ant - ly, To those who thus be - gin it; And all the name-less griev - an - ces Bro't

D. C. Chorus.



dew - y morn till e - ven, This world will ne'er afford to man A foretaste here of heav-en.
 plen - ty of em-ploy - ment, They sure - ly must be hard to please, Who can-not find en - joy-ment.
 love and peace ce - ment - ed, And learn that best of les-sons yet, To al-ways be con-tent - ed.
 on by borrowed trou-bles, Would prove, as cer - tain - ly they are, A mass of emp-ty bub-les.

SEEK THE LORD IN YOUTH. C. M.

Slow.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm, In smiling crowds draw near ; And turn from every mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.
2. He, Lord of all the worlds on high, Stoops to converse with you ; He lays his radiant glories by, Your friendship to pursue.
3. The soul that longs to seek his face, Is sure his love to gain ; And those who early seek his grace, Shall never seek in vain.
4. Then come, with youthful vigor warm ; To Jesus now draw near, And turn from every mortal charm, A Saviour's voice to hear.

104 OH! COME YE INTO THE SUMMER WOODS. Chorus and Duett.

Lively. CHORUS.



1. Oh! come ye in - to the summer words, There ent'reth no an - noy, All gent-ly wave the
2. The birds sing sweet 'mid wav-ing trees As all around they fly, They'r soft-ly fanned by
3. On ver-dant turf in gambols light, The deer bounds o'er the lawn, Nor spear, nor shaft ar-

Fine.



chest-nut leaves, And the earth is full of joy; I can - not tell you half the sights Of
 sum-mer breeze, As up they soar so high; Then come, oh come with me to day, And
 rests his flight, But free - ly does he roam, And those are joys for girls and boys, Which

Concluded.

105

D. C. Chorus.



beau - ty you may see The bursts of gold - en sun - shine, And man - y a sha - dy tree.
thro' the woods we'll roam, And gai - ly sing our mer - ry lay, Ere we de - part for home.
in the woods we see, We've nought to fear, for none are near, Then come and roam with me.

DEVOTION IN YOUTH. C. M.

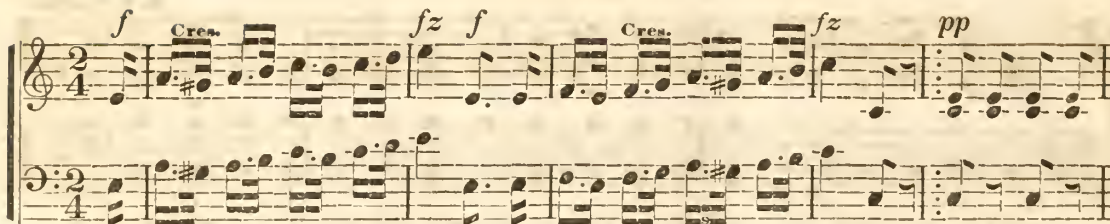
Smooth and connected.

I. B. WOODBURY.

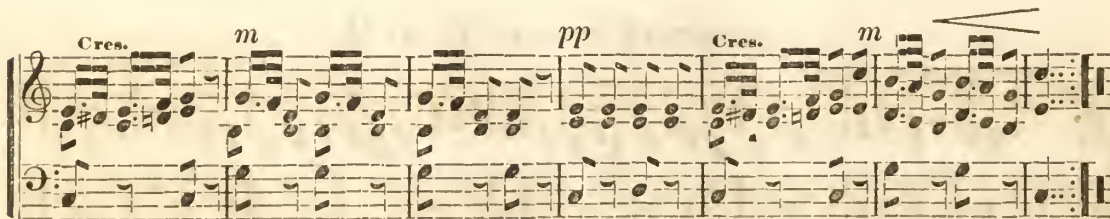


1. By cool Siloam's shady rill, How sweet the lily grows, How sweet the breath beneath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose.
2. Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
3. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill, The lil-y must decay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must shortly fade away
4. O thou, who giv'st us life and breath, We seek thy grace alone: In childhood, manhood, age and death, To keep us still thine own

THE BLACK CLOUDS ROLL ASUNDER.*



1. The black clouds roll a - sun - der, Re-treats the mut - t'ring thun - der! Now their flee-cy
 2 So pas - sion's storm was low-'ring; But love was o - ver - pow'r-ing. Now an - inward



forms be-tween, Pours the moon her silv'ry sheen; And the sweet chaste stars above Look down with eyes of love.
 gush of peace, Bids the rest-less dis-cord cease: Softest light of pure desire, Where flash'd red passion's fires.

* By permission. From Baker's Elementary Music Book.

THE BAY OF BISCAY. Song.

107

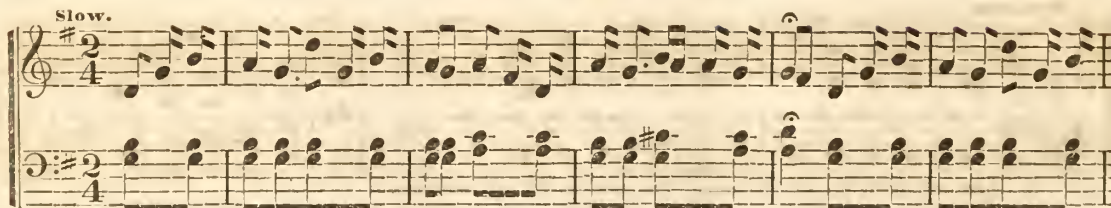
Moderate.



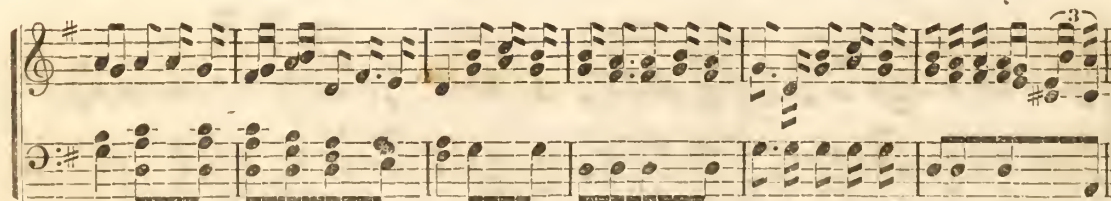
1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder; The rain a del-uge showers, }
The clouds were rent a - sun - der By lightning's viv - id powers. } The night both drear and dark, Our
2. Now dashed up-on the bil-low, Our opening tim - bers creak; }
Each fears a wa - t'ry pil-low, None stop the dreadful leak, } To cling to slip-p'ry shrouds Each
3. At length the wished for morrow Broke through the hapless sky, }
Ab-sorbed in si-lent sor-row, Each heaved a bit-ter sigh. } The dis-mal wreck to view Struck
4. Her yielding timbers sev - er, Her pitchy seams are rent, }
When Heaven, all bounteous ever, Its boundless mercy sent. } A sail in sight ap-pears, We



poor de - vo - ted bark! There she lay Till next day, In the bay of Bis - cay O!
 breathless sea - men crowds, As she lay Till next day, In the bay of Bis - cay O!
 hor - ror to the crew, As she lay On that day, In the bay of Bis - cay O!
 hail her with three cheers! Now we sail With the gale In the bay of Bis - cay O!



1. 'Tis not the valley, mountain, and grove, Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my love, Not for these only, feel I a
2. Home! there's a magic e'en in the name, Cottage or palace still 'tis the same; Fond hearts may sever, true ones may



care, But for the kind hearts still beating there: Skies may be brighter but ne'er beguile My heart from the love of sunny
 roam, But their affections still cling to home! 'Tis not the valley, mountain and grove, Haunts of my childhood, scenes of my

Concluded.

109



isle, Footsteps may wander, hearts cannot roam, Fondest affections still cling to home! Fondest affections still cling to home!
love, Not for these only shed I tear, But for the kind hearts still beating there, But for the kind hearts still beating there.

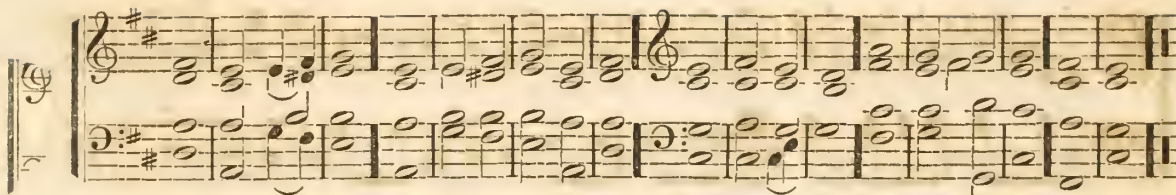
DEATH OF A PUPIL. 8s & 7s.

Slow and Solemn.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1 One sweet flower has drooped and faded, One sweet infant voice has fled, One fair brow the grave has shaded, One dear schoolmate now is fled.
2 But we feel no thought of sadness, For our friend is happy now; She has knelt in soul-felt gladness, Where the blessed an-gels bow.
3 She has gone to heaven before us, But she turns and waves her hand, Pointing to the glo-ries o'er us, In that hap-py spir-it land.



OPENING OR CLOSING SERVICE.

- 1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord..of | hosts.
- 2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth, | for..the | courts..of | the Lord.
- 3 My heart and my flesh crieth for the | liv..ing | God.
- 4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, they will be | still | prais..ing | thee.
- 5 I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than | to dwell..in the | tents..of | wick..edness. Amen.

SENTENCES.

- 1 Suffer little children to come unto me, and for.. | bid..them | not.
- 2 For of such | is. the | kingdom..of | heaven.
- 3 And it shall come to pass, that before they | eall..I will | an-
swer.
- 4 And while they are yet | speaking | I..will | hear.
- 5 If thou seek him, he will be | found..of | thee.
- 6 And if thou forsake him, he will | cast thee | off..for- | over.
- 7 Lord, thou hast been favorable un- | to..thy | land:
- 8 Thou hast brought back the cap- | tivi- | ty..of | Jacob.

THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd, I | shall..not | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me
be- | side..the still | waters;
- 3 He restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteous-
ness, | for..his | name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy
| staff..they | comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine ene-
mies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup..runneth
| over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my
life; and I will dwell in the house of the | Lord..for- | ever.

THE WORD OF GOD.

- 1 Thou art my portion, O Lord, I have said that I would | keep..
thy | word.
- 2 I thought of my ways, and turned my feet un- | to..thy | testi-
monies.
- 3 O how I love thy law! It is my meditation | all..the | day.
- 4 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light un- | to..my |
path. Amen.

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